

Poisons You Always Eat • The Five-Million-Dollar Oscar  
Glen Taylor: All-American Hero • Fleecing The Tax Man

APRIL 1977

A MAGAZINE FOR THE REST OF US

ONE DOLLAR

# MOTHER JONES



**THE MEANEST  
DIRTY TRICKSTER EVER**



# WHY WON'T THIS LADY FACE SOUTH- WEST?

The Statue of Liberty does not stand on America's southern border.

In fact, our southern neighbors are met with barbed wire and U.S. Border Patrol guards — unlike citizens of the Eastern Hemisphere and Canada, persons born in the Western Hemisphere are not welcome in the land of plenty.

Expecting to find evidence of blatant illegal activity, the Border Patrol raided Manzo Area Council on April 9, 1976. They took almost 800 confidential files looking for evidence that Manzo workers were helping undocumented aliens make illegal welfare claims. Finding no evidence of this illegal activity, they carried the federal case to its extreme, prosecuting the whole premise of alien counseling.

Manzo's role is simple. Persons seeking aid at Manzo Area Council are seeking information about their legal rights, and workers at Manzo are guiding them through the complex information they need to gain legal status.

The respect for the system of justice can only be eroded by efforts to deny counsel to those who seek it.

That is the mistake that is being made in Tucson.

## TIME AND MONEY ARE SHORT. MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:

MANZO DEFENSE FUND  
1025 N. GRANDE  
TUCSON, ARIZONA 85705  
TEL. 602-623-5739

## FRONTLINES

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NEWS: The government's billion-dollar pardons for corporations; why doctors are giving more women Caesarians; stealing rectums; dropping dead as you say "I do."



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## COLUMNS

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WHO ARE YOU? WE ASKED OUR READERS

If you are 62 per cent environmentalist, 4.4 per cent doctor or nurse, like investigative stories best and value good writing, then you're a typical *Mother Jones* reader.

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ONE LAST WORD BEFORE APRIL 15  
by Robert Kaldenbach

Tax reform? Basically it's new loopholes for old—most of which benefit guess who. But we've found a few lesser-known deductions to use, even if you're not rich.

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ADD POISON FOR FRESHNESS AND FLAVOR

by Hugh Drummond, M.D.

These days, rodent droppings may be the least harmful additives in packaged foods.

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LURING MAIDENS TO LOWELL

by Tom Friedman

A new history column.

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## COVER STORY

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MEET AMERICA'S MEANEST DIRTY TRICKSTER

by Roger Rapoport

In the seven years he worked for the FBI as an *agent provocateur*, Darthard Perry destroyed Angela Davis's personal papers, informed on dozens of friends, sold guns and explosives, destroyed several black organizations from the inside and set the Watts Writers Workshop on fire.

## FEATURES

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THE COTTON MILLS BACK HOME

by Robert Friedman

Shift change at Roanoke Mill #1: the red brick factory inhales several hundred fresh workers and exhales an equal number of staggering, battle-scarred spinners and spoolers. Boosters brag about a "New South," but try this phrase on: textile workers engaged in the South's most important labor showdown of the decade.



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SO, MR. CARTER, YOU WANT TO CHANGE AMERICA? HERE'S HOW.

Edited by Adam Hochschild

And furthermore, Jimmy (may we?), we've even drafted a fireside chat and a 1980 campaign speech where you can tell everybody what you've done. We've also picked a radical visionary Cabinet you ought to appoint in place of Lance, Vance & Co.

Page 38

ADVERTISEMENTS WE WOULD LIKE TO (AND NEVER WILL) SEE

Dewar's asks its proflees: "Scotch?" Ours answers: "No, Jugoslav."



Page 42

REMEMBERING GLEN TAYLOR

by Peter Collier

In 1930 Glen Taylor was a barnstorming country-and-western singer. In 1948, as a populist Senator from Idaho, he ran for Vice President on Henry Wallace's ticket. In 1956, red-baiting out of politics, he turned to making his living the only way he could: by manufacturing hairpieces. Today, millionaire toupee king Glen Taylor knows that he was right about Truman and the Cold War all along. Hats off to this All-American hero.

Page 54

"THE ENVELOPE, PLEASE . . ."

by Karen Stabiner

The story behind the Academy Awards in a word: money. This little gold statuette can bring a film an extra \$5 million in revenues. No wonder "the stampede" to influence voters begins months before Oscar night.

## POETRY

by Jimmy Santiago Baca (page 12); David Shaddock (page 26); Ed Ochester (page 28).

Cover by Lucinda Cowell, adapted from the movie *THX 1138*.

## Letters

## [DANGERS OF RESEARCH]

Dear Mother:

Jeremy Rifkin's article on DNA (*MJ* Feb./March) has the clarity and conciseness that I was hoping a better informed head than mine would come up with. I want to add my own observations garnered during 70 years.

The infinite ways corporate power can turn the results of scientific research into evil is staggering. This always goes under the name of "Progress." People who know better call it "Greed." So many scientific developments, basically undertaken with humanitarian intent, have ultimately brought more harm than good to humankind. If there were a God, he would have undone over and over again what man tried to create, knowing, as God should have known, that the results would end up in the hands of those whose greed for profits is unlimited, and never mind suffering or the rape of this planet.

These words no doubt make me a "dangerous and dirty communist." So be it. The article just may move our new President to instigate something that could turn the tide. Scientific developments like recombinant DNA should be put on the shelf, since they are too dangerous in the hands of the corporations.

Anne Sidenius  
*Sandy Hook, CT*

## [HELPING CONGRESS]

Dear Mother:

"The Day We Set New York on Fire" (*MJ* Jan.) is a very interesting report on Liquified Natural Gas (LNG).

Considering our country is suffering from a severe winter, with shortages of natural gas for home heating a real problem, the potential dangers of an LNG accident weighed against our need for natural gas is a difficult equation. It must have an answer, however.

I represent the 32nd Congressional District in California, an area proposed for LNG terminal facilities, and Mr. Chernow's work helps with that decision.

Glenn M. Anderson  
U.S. House of Representatives

## [ENVIRONMENTAL ELITISM]

Dear Mother:

I read your piece on the failure of the environmental initiatives ("But Did They Really Want to Win?" *MJ* Feb./March) with much nodding in agreement.



Colorado's local safeguards office did an excellent job to get the proposal on the ballot but then ran a sloppy, inconsistent, unorganized campaign.

Hundreds of people would have been, with a bit of coordination and training, most glad to ring every doorbell in the state and talk to people about the economic issues. But the initiative's leaders were precisely as their industry foes characterized them: an elite group anxious to keep the world pretty but with scarcely any idea of the material conditions of those less economically secure than they.

I say this with no particular malice toward those who ran the Colorado safeguards campaign: the work they did do, however ineffectual, was heartfelt and in everyone's best interest. But understanding and reaching "workers" will require a far more radical outlook on our society than most environmentalists now have. It will also require that leftists abandon the idea that environmental issues are something cooked up by the ruling class to divert attention away from the crisis of capitalism.

Timothy Lange  
*Boulder, CO*

## [ASSHOLES]

Dear Mother:

"The (New) Cost of Being a Woman" (*MJ* Jan.) perfectly illustrates the sad reality of being a working woman in today's society. Since my college graduation ten years ago, I have tried numer-

ous occupations, all underpaid, unchallenging and stifling. I am now a cocktail waitress, and, while the job is sexist, demeaning and basically stupid, I am making more money than I ever did in any of my "professional" jobs.

Three-fourths of the ladies I work with have college degrees—most of them in the field of education, where we were herded en masse, with the assurance of having "something to fall back on."

"The (New) Cost of Being a Woman" fails to mention our bitterness and total disillusionment. We would have much preferred that our parents and our schools tell it like it is—i.e., there is no equality in the job market, and we have to work twice as hard for half as much money, job security and challenging jobs.

Meanwhile, we serve drinks to fat-cat businessmen who take three-hour lunches, become obnoxiously drunk, tip us next to nothing and let their secretaries do most of the work that they take the credit and get paid the outrageous salaries for. My only consolation is that these assholes drop dead of heart attacks fairly young, but even this is tinged with the thought that new young assholes crop up every day.

Linda Lieberman  
*San Rafael, CA*

## [NO COMPETITION]

Dear Mother:

"Why Prices Go Up When Jobs Go Down" (*MJ* Feb./March) is most commendable. Our government and much of the news media still believe, or at least try to make us believe, that ours is an economy sufficiently competitive to work in the public interest. But how can such reliance be placed on competition when some 1,000 large corporations, with enough market power to administer prices, account for nearly one-half of our gross national product?

President Carter will not be able to restore full employment without inflation unless he adopts a program that places restraint on the ability of corporations to raise prices in excess of what is justified by costs.

John C. Davis  
Economist, President's  
Council of Economic Advisors,  
1947-1953

—Continued on page 4

## Backstage

WHO ARE YOU?  
WE ASKED  
OUR READERS

MOTHER JONES celebrated its first birthday with a festive party in San Francisco a few weeks ago. Now that we've begun our second year, we've stopped pinching ourselves to see if we're alive and are instead asking the questions a healthy adolescent might: Are we good-looking? Bright? Do you love us? Do you take us as seriously as we want you to?

To get some preliminary answers, we surveyed some of *Mother Jones'* 110,000 subscribers—who turn out to be more than 300,000 readers. The averaged results are intriguing, but you should keep in mind that the "average" reader is no more real than the 1.44 children American households typically have.

- *Mother Jones'* audience is about equally divided between women and men. The average subscriber is about 33 years old; 48 per cent of readers are between 25 and 34.

- The mean income is about \$15,000, which is much higher than the national average, especially considering how young most of our subscribers are. But the range of incomes is very broad.

- About 15 per cent of you are teachers; another 11 per cent are students. More than ten per cent work in communications, with most being editors or writers. Health (nurses, doctors, mental-health workers) and business management comprise the next largest groups.

- Those surveyed indicated that reading is their favorite hobby; 87 per cent spent \$25 or more each year on books. Most of you spent one to three hours with each issue of *Mother Jones*; it is obviously more than toilet or subway reading.

When we asked what kinds of articles you most liked reading in *Mother Jones*, the answer came back very distinctly: exposés. Almost all the stories you liked best were investigative—our pieces on the Dalkon Shield, Mobil Oil, Pa Bell, strip mining and the nuclear reactor in Tarapur, India.

That's good, because we have



Illustration by Leslie Carbone

a lot more investigative pieces coming up. We recently wrote to many of the best reporters in the country and asked them to send us stories their newspapers and magazines found too hot to handle. The Watergate revelations climaxed the age of the political exposé; we see it as *Mother Jones'* special task to inaugurate the era of the corporate exposé. After all, corporations and their products hold far greater sway over our lives than do politicians—yet other publications rarely take them on for fear of offending advertisers.

Something else you especially liked were our articles on the American history that you weren't taught in school. This feature continues with Peter Collier's profile (page 42) of a forgotten American hero, cowboy Senator Glen Taylor. We're also initiating a "Looking Backward" column; in this is-

sue Tom Friedman analyzes how country maidens were lured to industrial mills. For a "Looking Forward" comparison see Robert Friedman's (no relation) portrait of a modern textile mill on page 24. Many things haven't changed.

What don't you want to read? How-to-do-it articles, which a large number of readers said they could find in other magazines. Also, your enthusiasm for fiction, cultural features and art spreads seemed more polite than genuine.

To get beyond polite responses, we asked how we had failed you. What did *Mother Jones* promise that it hasn't delivered? A computer expert would be needed to decode the responses we got to this question, and a Fauvist and a pointillist to form the dots into a readership "profile." One subscriber said: "Less weeping over the lost '60s." Another:

"An explanation of the '60s." A few called for more and less critical articles on the feminist movement; others complained that there was "overemphasis on certain groups—women, for example." Several people suggested important articles that we hadn't run—and that they should write for us. A psychoanalyst said the magazine wasn't sufficiently analytical. Our favorite response was: "I hate your magazine so much. I want to cancel my subscription. But I did it jointly with a friend who loves it."

Most who loved us remarked on the quality of writing in the magazine. If there was one common complaint, it was that we weren't sufficiently newswy and exciting, that we didn't offer enough "new news."

And yet, those of you surveyed indicated that you were not particularly interested in foreign news. A curious response—old-fashioned because Americans have always been reluctant to view their country as the heart of an empire, and perhaps new-fashioned because all of us now realize how concerned we must be about the quality of life at home. *Mother Jones'* readers' concerns do seem national and particularly ecological. When asked: "How would you describe your own political beliefs?", 62 per cent of the sample checked off "Environmentalist"; 60 per cent "Liberal"; 46 per cent "Feminist"; 36 per cent "Democrat"; and 33 per cent "Pacifist." Only 25 per cent and 19 per cent respectively checked "Socialist" or "Radical." Slightly smaller percentages indicated that they were "Turned off to politics" or "Non-political."

We live in a time when old political labels have lost much of their power and meaning; a new community of progressive women and men is struggling to coalesce. *Mother Jones* believes in this community and wants to be its chief voice. So let us keep on hearing from you: what you like about the magazine, what you don't like and how you think it can be still better.

—Jeffrey Klein

# MOTHER JONES



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## LETTERS *—continued from page 2*

### I WHO NEEDS MASTURBATION?

Dear Mother:

Re: Female masturbation. I don't see what the drives of Mary Harris Jones have to do with this sexual "crap." Of course, I don't know, but I suspect Mother Jones cherished her privacy. Most of us don't need dissertations as we mate or urinate.

Let's get on with the real thrust of Mother Jones's life. We haven't a column inch to waste!

Rich Schaefer  
Lewiston, ID

Dear Mother:

Magazines reach the islands slowly, which is why I am responding, at this time, to Mopsy Strange Kennedy's article on female masturbation and Betty Dodson's work ("The Sexual Revolution Just Keeps on Coming," *MJ* Dec.).

Kennedy asks with apparent sincerity: "Who needs to be taught to masturbate?" Anyone familiar with research into female sexuality from Kinsey onward should be aware that a distressing proportion of American women are pathetically ignorant of basic female anatomy and physiology. We have been taught to turn our bodies over to our lovers or husbands (who manage our bodies for us) and to gynecologists (who drape us so that we are properly mystified about what's "down there").

While I do not agree with all that Betty Dodson has written, or with all the techniques she uses in her workshops, her impact on the field of women's sexuality has been enormous. Some of us choose to think of her as the Lenny Bruce of the Women's Movement.

Dr. Sally R. Binford  
Pumene, HI

### [HE PREFERENCES SMORGASBORD]

Dear Mother:

It appears to me that the editors of *Mother Jones* are being cajoled by certain readers into taking a harder, more definitive stand in favor of socialism.

Sure, I believe capitalism should be abandoned. A democratic social structure cannot rest upon an oligarchic economic foundation. But must we assume that Marx is the answer?

*Mother Jones* should remain open to numerous alternatives: half-way measures as well as the prized schemes of far-out dreamers. Don't close yourself into

any one ideology. If people want to feel the dry wind of conformity, let them pick up the *Guardian* or take Gus Hall to lunch.

Anthony M. Capasso  
Glendale, AZ

### [BOYCOTT]

Dear Mother:

The article, "The Lettuce is Lethal," in your January issue was an excellent example of investigative reporting. We request that in future articles dealing with businesses that engage in unconscionable activities, you include a list of the companies' products, by type and brand name, that would be (directly or indirectly) sold to consumers. *Mother Jones* readers could then express their disapproval of these companies by refusing to buy their products, and could alert their friends to do likewise.

Paula Nell Diamond  
Dinah Levinsohn

*Editor's note: Thanks for the advice. We are beginning this practice on page 58 with a list of J. P. Stevens' textiles to boycott.*



### Dear Reader:

Write your Mother! We'd like to hear from you. Tell us your reactions and opinions c/o Letters Editor, *Mother Jones*, 607 Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94105. Letters are subject to editing for space and clarity.

Mother

### [OH, NO]

Dear Mother:

I am a woman in my 30s, attending school. Today I sat in a political science classroom, where a professor (about my age) stated: "There is no military industrial complex working in the U.S.—proof being, that we are no longer in Vietnam."

Ah, Mother, a thought.

What if while people on the Left were marching for peace, liberty and equality, people on the Right got their degrees and are all teaching the next generation.

Oh, Mother.

Dana Goeth  
Kenosha, WI

## Frontlines

If you'll pardon us, we think that all the flap about President Carter's pardon of draft dodgers on his first day in office was a bit off the mark.

While the press, conservative Congressional figures and the American Legion were preoccupied with the Carter amnesty decision, it appears that most Americans never discovered that two of President Ford's Cabinet members were handing out pardons themselves—but for big business, not war resisters.

On their last day in office, the day before Carter issued his pardon, Treasury Secretary William Simon and Commerce Secretary Elliot Richardson quietly dispensed charitable acts of forgiveness to some of America's biggest banks and corporations... to the tune of better than \$1 billion.

Simon's decision involved the explicit overruling of an Internal Revenue Service decision that dealt with an obscure financing mechanism called stock warrants. In the high-flying days of the late 1960s and early 1970s, a number of corporations and real estate investment trusts issued warrants as a means of raising capital. (A warrant gives its buyer the right to buy shares of a company's stock at a specific price during a specific time. Of course if the stock price rises in that time, the buyer makes a killing, because of the right to purchase the stock at the pre-agreed lower price.) But as the economy went sour, many of the stocks fell, and the warrants went unexercised by their purchasers.

Simon's decision affected how the money that companies had been paid for the warrants should be taxed. Without going into details, what the IRS decided was that such warrant income was fully taxable—which none of the companies liked, since they were already ailing from their losses. So they appealed to Mr. Simon, who as Treasury Secretary is the ultimate boss of the IRS.

If you can't guess who won—IRS or the companies and banks—we'll tell you. Despite

# PARDON US FOR ASKING, UNCLE SAM



Illustration by Becky Wilson

vehement IRS opposition, Simon ruled in the companies' favor.

The result: one huge conglomerate, LTV of Dallas, alone saved paying taxes on \$100 million in income. Other winners included the 150 major real estate investment trusts in the country, many of them controlled by the nation's biggest banks—your friend at the Chase Manhattan, Manufacturer's Hanover, Bank of America, etc. At this point, the IRS is still trying to figure out how much these banks saved in taxes—and what you and I will pay to make up as the difference.

Simon, who left a day later for an extended Hawaiian vacation, has remained unavailable for comment.

Meanwhile, over at the Commerce Department, Elliot Richardson, on his last day in office, signed a \$750 million loan guarantee for the construction of seven liquefied natural gas

(LNG) tankers. Critics have charged that the loan guarantee was both unnecessary and inflationary—and further have warned of the serious dangers posed by LNG tankers (see "The Day We Set New York on

Fire," MJ Jan. '77, and the Update in this issue (page 10) for the reasons why). The beneficiary of this last-minute federal largesse is another huge conglomerate, General Dynamics, which will build the tankers. Congressman Les Aspin of Wisconsin has observed that the cost of the tankers has already risen from \$92 million (the original estimate) to \$150 million each, with the expenses all backed by U.S. taxpayers. Moreover, according to Aspin, there is already a surplus of ships of the kind General Dynamics will build.

Richardson, who also left immediately for an extended vacation, has likewise been unavailable for comment.

Oh yes, one additional fillip to the LNG deal: Tongsun Park. If you'll recall, the Washington-based Korean businessman is under investigation for alleged bribery and influence-peddling in and around the nation's capital. It now appears, according to critics, that Park was paid some \$3 million from at least one beneficiary of the tanker deal, British-owned Burmah Oil, to help arrange the loan. Park, who is spending a great deal of time in London these days, was, like Simon and Richardson, unavailable for comment.

So much for pardons.

## Used Husbands For Sale

*Majority Report*, a New York women's newspaper, is offering a unique service to its women readers.

The publication's classified advertising section is out with a "used husbands exchange" that lists the former husband's first name and last initial and then some of the least endearing qualities of the advertiser's ex-mate.

The paper states it came up with the idea because "Every woman who has lived with a man knows something about him that should, in the spirit of feminist solidarity, be passed on to his next victim."

One of the latest entries reads like this: "Alan Z., 32; unemployed taxi driver... spent seven hours one day at Kennedy airport waiting for a fare back to New York City; outstanding features: beer gut; conversation ('Hi, babe, whadaya say?')."

Frankly, we think this could all develop into something: swap-meets for spouses and exes, used husband-and-wife dealerships ("This little beauty has only 2,000 miles of housework..."). And then, of course, we could ask, apropos of Richard N.: "Would you buy a used...?"

This One



## Frontlines



Still from "A Night at the Opera."

### No More Party Poopers

Have your parties been boring lately? Have your guests been leaving shortly after the food is gone?

If that's been happening, you might want to spruce up your get-togethers with a group of professional party-goers.

For a mere \$75, Jack Farrell's party people will liven up a party with a clumsy maid, a tipsy butler, a guest who falls asleep or maybe even a nude bartender. And for \$300 or \$400, you can even get a mini-celebrity to come to your party.

Farrell says that most of his party-goers are part-time actors and actresses. And, he admits, professional party people almost never throw their own parties because, he says, "They're too boring."

### The Last Gasp Of The Pet Rocks (Whew)

We know you're probably thinking about taxes—but think back to Christmas, and to one of the great crazes of 1976: Pet Rocks.

It appears that Pet Rocks, after a meteoric rise, fell with a leaden thump—and their creator, Gary Dahl, decided to solve an inventory problem with a minimalist solution: he dumped his rocks on charity.

Dahl decided to call it quits by donating 100,000 Pet Rocks to children's hospitals, the Salvation Army, Goodwill and similar charities.

Not that we're all that crazy about Pet Rocks in the first place, but, in thinking about our own taxes, we wondered if Dahl might not have thought that his generosity would make a tidy little charitable deduction on his own 1040.

We called the office (where

the receptionist answered, "You've reached Rock Bottom") but discovered, via a company spokesperson, that Dahl had "no comment."

In which case, neither do we.

—Submitted by  
Anita Goldwasser,  
San Jose, California

### Carter, Ford & I Forget

It may seem moot this many months after the election, but we thought you'd like to know: the Roper Organization polled voters in late November of last year to follow up on their election choices for President.

Four per cent of the voters, three weeks after the election, couldn't remember whom they had voted for.

### How Dope Cut The Defense Budget

The Drug Abuse Council has compiled a new preliminary study indicating that the federal government is losing at least \$1.6 billion annually as a result of its failure to legalize and then tax marijuana.

The Washington, D.C.-based council, the largest private drug research organization in America, says that its tax estimates are based on actual government figures about marijuana smokers and how much they currently pay for the weed.

According to researchers Eric Meyers and Allan Garber, there are 12 million adult marijuana smokers in America, who consume about 3.2 billion joints a year.

The study found that, on the basis of tobacco industry cost figures, packaged legal marijuana could be marketed like cigarettes for about \$7.50 a pound. It adds, however, that current pot smokers pay an

average of \$512 per pound.

If this difference of about \$505 per pound was collected as a tax, the study says, it would account for \$1.8 billion in revenue annually.

A similar study by the now-defunct Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, drafted in 1971, had predicted a potential tax of \$2 billion a year if marijuana was legalized by 1976.

### TV Violence

A recent survey of the tube concluded that a typical child will witness the destruction of 13,000 human beings on television by the time she or he is 15 years old, and that there are an average of eight murders, beatings, rapes, muggings or robberies during each hour of prime-time TV.



The Point Coupee Funeral Home

### A Casket And Fries To Go

The mortuary industry has taken a cue from other successful American businesses and is offering a "Drive-In Funeral Home."

Mourners in New Roads, Louisiana, may now view the remains of their relatives or friends through a five-by-seven-foot drive-in window at the Point Coupee Funeral Home.

Owner Alvin Verrette says the unique feature allows mourners to pay their respects without getting out of their cars. The late friend or relative is displayed in an open casket, decorated with a small cross and illuminated by a blue neon light.

Verrette explains: "We wanted something for people who didn't have time to dress."



## Fast Bucks

*Mother Jones* will pay readers \$5 for any short item accepted for *Frontlines*. We're looking for short lively articles and especially want candidates for Hero and Villain of the Month, Worst Remark You've Heard, most blatant case of Bureaucratic Bungling, etc. Please cite your source and include any newspaper clippings or other material. Please address your submissions to *Frontlines*, *Mother Jones*, 607 Market St., San Francisco, California 94105. Let's get those cards rolling in.

## Doin' It Ass-Backwards

A Denver appeals court has upheld the conviction of a Colorado man who complained that police had laughed at him after arresting him on charges of stealing the rectums of 1,200 butchered animals from a meat-processing plant.

The man, Filbert Maestas, had asked the court to reverse his conviction on the grounds that arresting officers had—in essence—illegally laughed him into confessing.

Maestas's troubles began last year when he and a companion were arrested after boxes of stolen meat were found inside their auto, which was parked outside a packing house. Maestas says that as he was being driven to jail, one of the police began laughing wildly.

Maestas asked what was funny, and was told that the boxes of meat he had taken contained the normally inedible rectal tissues of animals.

Maestas stated the officer used a plainer, more down-to-earth word than rectums. At this point, Maestas says, he told

the officers: "If I go to jail for stealing 1,200 assholes, I'm really going to be mad."

Maestas's statement was later repeated by officers at his trial and used to convict him.

The Colorado appeals court dismissed Maestas's appeal, stating that under the circumstances the police had good reason to laugh.

## Dr. Spock & Waterwings

The traditional method of greeting newborn infants—hoisting them by the ankles and slapping their rumps—cripples many infants for life, says a Yale anatomy professor.

Dr. Edmund Crelin says the practice results in one out of every 400 babies' having a hip dislocated. He says grabbing a baby by its ankles and slapping it places undue pressure on its hips.

To prompt crying, he recommends babies be dipped in cold water.

—Submitted by G. Proctor, Dallas, Texas.

## Frontlines

## Update: DNA Controversy

In our last issue we reported that seven major corporations and a number of universities in more than 180 U.S. labs were engaged in, or about to begin, secret recombinant DNA research. We also revealed that several corporations planned to patent the new life forms. Since our February/March report, the DNA issue has become a source of heated debate in Washington, in large part due to the *Mother Jones* article.

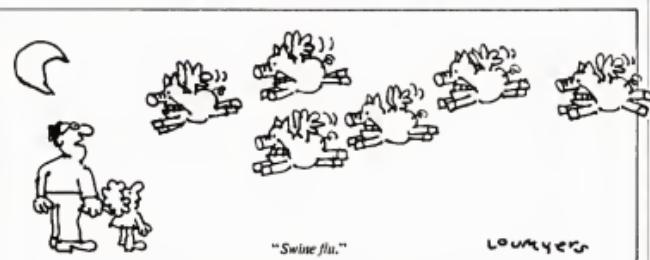
On January 13th, Dr. Betty Ancker-Johnson, Assistant Secretary of Commerce (for Science and Technology), published in the *Federal Register*, a call for recombinant DNA patents. The notice allowed for a speed-up of the patenting process, if corporations would follow the lax National Institutes of Health (NIH) guidelines. Ancker-Johnson did not wait for the federal government's Interagency Report on research and safety to be issued. "I placed the order in the *Federal Register*," the Assistant Secretary told *Mother Jones*, "... as a kind of carrot so that

nonfederally funded research would be placed under the guidelines." However, the actual nature of the secret research, even with the patent speed-up, does not have to be disclosed.

In February, Secretary of HEW Joseph Califano called for the order to be "temporarily withdrawn." At press time, Secretary of Commerce Juanita Kreps and Califano are trying to come to terms on the order for expedited recombinant patents.

The Environmental Protection Agency began meetings with public-interest groups on the DNA controversy.

Congress member Richard Ottinger (Dem.-NY) and Senator Dale Bumpers (Dem.-AR) introduced legislation that would require all corporations working on new life forms to meet strict HEW guidelines. If passed, the bill would delay patenting until new guidelines are set; financial liability for corporate DNA mistakes would rest with the companies.



## Swine Flu: A Legal Epidemic?

It now appears that the biggest outbreak in connection with the swine flu is the number of lawsuits against the vaccination program pouring into Washington, D.C.

According to *Business Week*, damage suits ranging in size from \$9.50 up to millions of dollars are being filed against federal officials.

Under a special act passed by Congress, the makers of the vaccine are protected against most suits; U.S. taxpayers, instead, are underwriting the risks.

At last count, at least 287 Americans came down with the paralyzing Guillaine-Barré syndrome shortly after receiving swine flu shots.

*Business Week* says it's impossible to estimate how much the ill-fated program will eventually cost taxpayers. It says the Justice Department has drawn up a special appropriation request just to pay for the extra clerical help and computer time needed to process the suits.

## Frontlines



*"The Busy Bumper Harvest," painting reproduced as poster, printed in China.*

### Top 40: Peking Popcorn

The biggest hit record in China these days is a song attacking Chiang Ching, Mao's widow, entitled "Indignantly Condemn the Wang-Chang-Chiang-Yao Gang of Four."

The French News Agency, Agence France-Presse, reports from China that the newest popular recording is sung by a Peking choral group. Other popular songs from that same album include "Down with the Anti-Party Clique of the Gang of Four"; "Hail the Great Victory of the Crushing of the Anti-Party Clique"; and "Everyone Is rejoicing over the Wiping Out of the Four Pests."

For those not into the current political struggle, there are always the other top-selling records including "Chairman Hua Ku-Feng Is Right Behind the Poor and Lower-Middle-Class Peasants"; and "Chairman Hua, the Fighters of the Whole Armed Forces Salute You."

### Trends: The Zipless Birth

In this era of Lamaze and Leboyer, home deliveries and demands by women for control of their bodies, you might have thought Caesarean section births had gone the way of the bleeding cure.

Not so. Caesareans are on the rise all over the country.

In the past ten years their number has nearly doubled—to one out of ten live births. In metropolitan areas like New York, Washington and San Francisco, the rate is fast ap-

proaching 15 per cent.

The rare Caesarean of 20 years ago was undertaken to protect the mother. But the modern Caesarean is most often done to spare the child a dangerous—or perhaps not so dangerous—jaunt down the birth canal.

These days, a fetal heart monitor determines whether a labor is not "normal." Originally designed to keep track of the baby's heart rate in high-risk cases, the monitor is now used

widely during labor.

Compared to the equipment of simpler days, these machines find a lot more babies in utero to be suffering "distress."

"And the irony is, we don't know what the monitors are telling us," says Don Creevey, an obstetrician at Stanford University Medical Center. "Most doctors aren't trained to read them accurately, and as a result, unnecessary Caesareans are sometimes performed."

Sadly, a doctor who values the birth process and decides to wait for clearer distress signals does so only at great risk. Since the fetal monitor graphs become a permanent part of a baby's health record, they are easily retrievable as evidence in malpractice suits. Plaintiffs' attorneys delight in indicating to juries every ominous dip, peak and wiggle on the graphs, as an explanation for everything from brain damage to flat feet.

The rising incidence of Caesareans hits black and minority women hardest. A mother de-

prived by poverty of adequate prenatal care is more likely to be classified as a "high-risk" case when she has a baby. And in some major metropolitan hospitals today, 25 per cent of high-risk childbirths are by Caesarean.

Whatever the mother's race, a Caesarean deprives her of what can be one of life's most crucial moments. General anesthesia wipes out all consciousness and memory. Small quantities of the anesthetic get into the baby's bloodstream, giving it a groggy first few hours in the world. New research about mother-child bonding at birth indicates that Caesarean section may have bad psychological effects on both.

It is also hard to forget, even with the most benign of interpretations, that doctors make more money, often in less time, by performing Caesarean sections in lieu of normal deliveries.

—Pat Roberto



Illustration by Marm Gearing

### Breath Worse Than His Bite

A strange reptile that kills humans with its bad breath is reportedly terrorizing villagers in western India.

Newspaper reports from New Delhi recount that the unusual serpent is known as the "Peevana." At least five residents of the Pokharan desert area west of New Delhi are reported to have been killed recently by the 20-inch-long snake.

According to published accounts, the reptile attacks its victims by slithering in the dark across their chests while they are asleep in bed. The snake allegedly doesn't bite them but opens its mouth and breathes directly into the victims' noses without waking them.

The Indian newspapers say that after victims have received a fatal dose of the serpent's breath, the Peevana "sadistically" awakens them by slapping them with its tail before slithering off into the darkness again, leaving the victims to die slowly.

According to all published accounts, no Peevana has ever been captured dead or alive. Large cash rewards for its capture have been offered from time to time over the past several centuries.

## Frontlines



Photo by Louise Kollenbaum

### Was It A Nice Reception?

The bride of a man who dropped dead in the middle of their wedding ceremony has asked a judge to determine whether she is now a widow and can inherit her former fiancé's estate.

Last year Naomi Nicely's fiancé, Robert Neiderhiser, was about to complete his vows when he collapsed and died at the altar of a church in Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

Nicely's intended father- and mother-in-law contend that the wedding ceremony was not completed and that their son's estate therefore belongs to them.

However, Nicely, who has filed for the estate under the name of Mrs. Robert Neiderhiser, claims that the vows had been exchanged and the ring placed on her finger before her husband passed away. In addition, Reverend William Jacobs, who presided over the ceremony, has testified that he declared the pair to be man and wife as soon as Neiderhiser hit the floor. The Reverend said the groom appeared to be still alive at the time.

A Westmoreland County judge has taken the case under consideration.

### If Fidel Learns French, The CIA Is Waiting

A German weekly magazine claims that the Pentagon has a secret contingency plan, code-named "Project Camelot," which calls for "an American blockade of Quebec by land, sea and water should the province ever secede."

The magazine *Der Spiegel*, published in Hamburg, alleges that the plan exists because Canadian observers and top U.S. military officials fear that Quebec could become another Cuba.

The *Der Spiegel* article says: "One can only speculate how President Carter would react to [Quebec's secession]. But for years the Pentagon has maintained a thick file labeled 'Proj-

ect Camelot.' This secret document sees Canada as a 'danger spot' on a par with Africa and Latin America and calls for an American blockade of Quebec . . . should the province ever secede."

### A Dog Day Afternoon?

A dog named Ernie, the mascot of a Chicago police headquarters, was shot by a policeman from another district who was startled when Ernie growled.

—Submitted by C. Aburano, Chicago, Illinois.

### Villians: Chief Ed Davis

Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis has had his share of troubles with discrimination complaints. Women, blacks, Chicano, gays and others said the LAPD was unfair in its arbitrary criteria for new cops. City, state and federal agencies intervened, and some reforms were instituted.

Davis has taken it all in good spirit. He told a Chicago law-enforcement conference

recently that if all the reforms had been successful, "I could envision myself standing on the stage on graduation day and giving a diploma to a 4-foot-11-inch transvestite moron who would kiss me instead of saluting."

Personally, we wouldn't kiss him if he asked.

—Submitted by Dave Levy, Champaign, Illinois.



Margo Cowan

Photo by Tim Fuller

### Heroes: Manzo Madness

A former organizer for the United Farmworkers is facing 77 years in prison relating to her work counseling "undocumented" Mexican citizens.

Margo Cowan, the 27-year-old director of the Manzo Area Council—a Tucson, Arizona-based social services center—and three of her co-workers, all women, were arrested last November on a flock of felony charges stemming from an Immigration and Naturalization Service investigation.

Cowan's trouble started last April when the INS Border Patrol raided Tucson businesses, in one of its periodic alien hunts, and found letters with the Manzo Council's address on three of the people seized in the raid. A week later, suspecting welfare fraud, INS investigators showed up at Manzo and confiscated the files of 800 *barrio* residents.

The Tucson Legal Aid Society, on behalf of all 800, initiated a series of suits to get the files back, claiming the seizure established a dangerous precedent of government access to the files of every social services agency in the country.

Then, in November, the feds countered by bringing felony charges against Cowan and her colleagues. They indicted Cowan for, among other things, "transporting an illegal alien" for driving a 15-year-old pregnant girl six blocks to the local courthouse so that she could get residency rights through her husband.

The case came to trial last March, and Cowan expects defense costs will come to more than \$30,000. But she doesn't want anyone to feel sorry for her. "I'm no martyr," she says. "Martyrs don't fight back."

—Robert Houston

## Frontlines



Illustration by Martha Geering

### A Word From Comrade Kong

A Soviet publication is charging that the movie *King Kong* is being widely promoted to keep people's minds off the economic crises in the West.

The weekly *Literary Gazette* asks, "What is the reason for the wild advertising campaign around the film?" And then answers its own question.

According to the publication, the first version of *King Kong* was released during the Depression to distract Americans from their economic problems, and the new movie has the same goal.

Says the *Literary Gazette*: "After sitting watching it for two hours, the cinema-goer emerges into the street struck by 'what could happen.' The lines at the unemployment office, inflation and the high cost of living are all for a while blurred in his mind by the fearful snarl of the gorilla, which makes him think that things could be worse after all."

While we can't entirely disagree, there's a rumor floating around Washington that the real reason for Russian anger is that Brezhnev wasn't offered the lead role.

But then, that could be the CIA up to its old tricks again.

### Update: How Not To Harbor An LNG Tanker

In "The Day We Set New York on Fire" (MJ, Jan. '77), we reported on the upcoming—and terrifying—dangers of tankers loaded with liquefied natural gas (LNG). At the same time the issue went into the mail to you, the *Argo Merchant* was breaking up off the New England coast, to be followed in rapid succession by more than a dozen tanker disasters. What our LNG report pointed out was that such tanker accidents

were child's play compared to what might happen were an LNG tanker to experience a similar fate. Literally thousands of people could be quickly incinerated as a vast flaming cloud of natural gas settled over a crowded port city.

Now, it turns out that such dangers may be even closer than we think. On December 21, the *Fernvalley*, the first LNG tanker ever to enter the Northwest, steamed into Puget Sound off

Seattle. In the dark of night, it started down the channel into port, despite specific Coast Guard orders that the ship should not move until daylight—part of the Coast Guard's recognition of the extreme hazards attached to LNG tankers.

But instead of following Coast Guard directions, a port pilot, Captain Dewey Soriano, ignored the orders even though they were repeated by radio. "I don't quite copy this," Soriano replied to the orders. "Is this the admiral or who? What's the captain of the port got to do with out here in the Strait of San Juan de Fuca, can you tell me? I have no orders to the contrary. I'll proceed."

Later Soriano told the duty officer at the pilot station, "This is a bunch of garbage . . . nobody told me anything about this."

Federal law makes it a felony to violate Coast Guard navigation orders. A case against Soriano has been presented to the local federal grand jury, but to date no indictment has been returned.

—Submitted by Judy Edwards, Tacoma, Washington.

### Ready For 2076, Folks?

Are you ready for the Tricentennial? We thought there would be at least a decent breather for those of us who barely survived the Bicentennial, but the City of Brotherly Love is showing that planning pays.

Philadelphia has opened a bank account that will yield it \$100,000 for its Tricentennial celebrations in 2076. It has deposited \$500, which, with compound interest rates, will come to \$100,000 over a century of sitting idle.

Of course, with inflation, nobody is promising that a hundred grand will buy more than admission, a hot dog and a small Coke. But that's another story, and we'll delay our Tricentennial coverage a bit longer, thank you.

### Call It Mount Astroturf

Red soil gives them their names: Big and Little Red Mountain near the town of Leggett in Northern California. The rust-colored earth contains nickel ore. Once it was considered too low-grade for profitable mining, but improved technology has made it possible to extract 14 pounds of nickel from every ton of earth.

Hanna Mining Company, with headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio, over the past dozen years has quietly bought up almost 5,000 acres surrounding the peaks and holds legal claim to another 3,480 acres of public land administered by the Bureau of Land Management. Hanna would remove an estimated 50 million tons of ore-laden soil from Big and Little Red through a process called "bench mining." All timber would first be clear-cut from the slopes, then the red earth removed from the top in bench-like steps.

Hanna Mining Company official Charles Dowd admitted that it would be unlikely anything would grow back on the hard soil when the ore is exhausted in about 30 years. Opponents fear damage to a half-dozen nearby streams that are spawning waters for salmon and steelhead. They also object to carving the scenic peaks into steps, but Dowd defended the aesthetics of the project.

"That mountain will look even better when we finish it," he said. "You'll see what man can do to a mountain."

—Submitted by Louisa Arndt, San Rafael, California.

Our thanks to Zodiac News Service, Jean Gatch, C. Aburano, Chicago magazine, G. Proctor, Anita Goldwasser, Louisa Arndt, Pat Roberto, Judy Edwards, Dave Levy, The Wall Street Journal, the Ford Administration, Ottmar Mergenthaler, the People's Republic of China, Neldams Danish Bakery and Art Harry Flashbold.

## The Economy

*Some rob you with a six-gun, and some with a fountain pen.*

—Woody Guthrie,  
"Pretty Boy Floyd"

**O**KAY, SO MAYBE you're one of the early birds, and you filed your 1040 back in January, and now all you're doing is waiting for your \$50 rebate check; congratulations—but read on, because you can learn something for 1977.

More likely you're like the rest of us, still fussing through your files, figuring out deductions, running over receipts, putting that little \$15 calculator you got for Christmas to good use and figuring you'll run down to the Post Office about ten p.m. on April 15, and get the damn thing in the mail—in which case, you *need* this.

First, a few words on the Tax Reform Act of 1976, since you'll need to know the new rules of the game in order to play.

Some loopholes favored by the mighty have been narrowed considerably, but in all the back room pushing and shoving, Congress managed to create about as many new leaks as it patched. Among our friends who benefitted: AT&T, Mobil, the drug companies, utilities and airlines, the shipbuilders and, oddly, even the publishers of encyclopedias. Each of them bore special loopholes, and relied upon old Kingfish Huey Long's boy Russell to get them into law at the last minute. Over the moanings of Senators Kennedy, Muskie and Proxmire, Russell Long inserted some 50 special-interest provisions just before the bill went to the floor.

*The New York Times*, working on leads from Nader's people, uncovered some giveaways too flagrant and close to home for even Long to ignore: among them, that his own family stood to benefit from oil depletion allowances, and that Walter Mondale had tried to slip in a loophole to benefit his home state's Honeywell Corporation. Back on his heels, Long re-opened hearings and pledged that, *in the future*, every special-interest provision proposed would be labeled with the names of its sponsors, and those who stood

to gain by it.

The new bill does in fact contain a blanket provision to force the untaxed rich to at least pay a little something. Earlier efforts at this had failed—the 1969 reform law tried, and netted only about \$30,000. The new bill tries again, and estimates are that this one will bring in 300,000 new taxpayers.

Also some provisions that somehow escape benefitting most of us have been shut—*mirabile visu*. For example, overseas tax-free junketing/conventioneering (clothed as business travel) comes under some mild restrictions (two trips a year, max), as do bribes and boycotts

(Israeli variety, not lettuce). Hobby farming, citrus growing and prepaid-interest real estate deals are all going to be harder to use as tax shelters; and the capital gains tax preference (which rewards those who invest and win) has been tightened just a bit—starting with the 1977 tax year, the investment will have to have been held for nine months to qualify for the lower capital-gains bracket.

But some bad news: if the working rich are getting squeezed, the dying rich are being blessed. Used to be, estate taxes had to be paid within nine months of the Massa's death,

often forcing sale of the business by the heirs. Now, in most cases, the heirs get five years to pay the tax, and if that doesn't suit them, they can take another ten years, by paying a modest four per cent interest rate on the taxes. Also, the estate tax has been cut—you can pass on a quarter million to your surviving spouse, or half your estate, whichever is larger.

All in all, the new law is expected to remove the tax collector's hand from fully two-thirds of all the estates that he used to be able to reach into—a remarkable piece of legislative generosity, considering that there are now more than 200,000 millionaires in the United States today, and that just two per cent of the populace owns nearly a third of the nation's wealth.

Far more important to us are the changes in the personal income tax laws. Among the handful of reforms, the most universally useful will be the increase in the standard deduction. The new law makes permanent a temporary tax cut in last year's bill—raising the standard deduction to 16 per cent of gross income (up to a maximum deduction of \$2,800 for joint returns and a minimum of \$1,700 for single returns).

A number of other reforms have been written into the new law to benefit low- to moderate-income earners, several of which follow and all of which you should check closely to see if you qualify.

**Child-Care Expenses.** Until 1976, in order to claim deductions for child-care expenses, you had to itemize your deductions (ruling out just about everyone not owning her or his own home); both parents had to work full time and blood-relative babysitters were ineligible for deduction. Now student parents can qualify; so can part-time workers. And it's no longer a deduction but a tax credit, hence upper-bracket taxpayers no longer gain a relative advantage.

**Alimony.** Now you don't have to itemize your deductions in order to deduct alimony pay-



*"Well, I can't kick. I'm almost 65 and the wife is going blind. That's another two exemptions right there."*

ments, opening up this deduction to more low-income divorced or separated people.

**Sick Pay Exclusion Repealed.** Formerly, wages paid to an employee while sick were exempt from taxation. Now this provision has been wiped away. Moreover, the wipe-out is retroactive, so if you collected sick pay in 1976 and expected to pay no tax, you're out of luck.

**Moving Expenses.** They have raised the limits on deductions for expenses in moving from one job to another. Now you can deduct, tax-free, up to \$3,000 for house-hunting expenses, including \$1,500 spent in temporary living between houses. To qualify, you need move only 35 miles away; it used to be 50 miles.

**Canceled Student Loans Are Non-Taxable.** Before, if you took a student loan from a government agency, which was forgiven if you worked or taught in certain places, such as inner-city schools, the portion of the loan that was canceled became taxable income to you. No more—if the original loan agreement

specified the cancellation, no tax is levied when it's canceled.

**Low Income Allowance.** No matter what the income or actual deductions, every taxpayer filing a joint return is entitled to a minimum \$2,100 standard deduction, up \$200 from last year. It's \$1,700 for single taxpayers.

**New-Age Medical Deductions.** If you itemize, make note, especially if you've joined what Tom Wolfe has taken to calling the "Me Generation." Fees for sex therapy are deductible, but marriage-counseling costs aren't. (But if you're seeing a marriage counselor who gives sex therapy, you can pro-rate the percentage of time the therapist spends on sex advice, and deduct it.) Acupuncture is deductible; so is a face lift, even if not recommended by a doctor. A divorce, however, is not a deductible medical expense (one ingenious taxpayer tried but lost); nor is maternity clothing. Junkies (or parents of a junkie) can deduct the cost of a therapeutic center for addicts.

**The Credit Card Economy.** Take note—the finance charge you pay on your credit card is a deductible interest payment, but make sure you save the statements for later audit.

So how will you and I fare come April 15? Probably not very differently from last year, unless you happen to be able to cash in on one of the special benefits listed above.

And if you throw in the effects of inflation on tax payments, even most of these savings are gone. Milton Friedman calculates that, for every ten per cent rise in income, your tax bill rises by 15 per cent. While you may not like Friedman's friends or his politics, almost no one would question his numbers. He points out that, despite several apparent tax cuts over the past decade, taxes still take the same percentage of personal income as they did in 1965.

**What to do?** For me, I'm taking an aspirin and turning on the Celtics. At least in basketball, there's a winner every time.

*Robert Kaldenbach is a Cambridge, Massachusetts, toilet salesman and publisher of the Massachusetts Farm Bulletin.*

## A HOW-TO FOR TAX AVOIDANCE

There is a line between tax avoidance and tax fraud, an accountant friend of mine observed: "One can save you five dollars (or five hundred); the other can get you five years." Income tax fraud is serious business; tax avoidance, however, is not only legal, but desirable—if you know what you're doing.

The IRS is looking for potatoes, not peanuts, and concentrates its efforts on large corporations and high-income individuals (though often it doesn't concentrate too hard). Which means that if you're into tax avoidance, and not fraud, we might recommend some of the following:

**Go into business, any business.** Entrepreneurs have always eaten off the high end of the income-tax carcass, taking advantage of expense deductions, which, if spent in pursuit of profits, serve to reduce your taxes. Travel, a part of the rent (although deductions for offices at home are severely limited), subscriptions to magazines and papers, business lunches and auto expenses all qualify as business deductions—if you are a business person—but gain you nothing if you are just a consumer. Form 2106 is used for deducting your business expenses.

**Get religion.** Favored among deductions are contributions to the church. Some of the faithful, particularly the Mormons and Seventh Day Adventists, regularly render a full ten per cent of their earnings to the church. Salvation Army and Goodwill are also popular recipients of small contributions such as clothes, furniture and used appliances. Receipts and canceled checks are required as proof if you are audited, but don't worry too much about having your deduction disallowed, for that just puts you back where you started. Apparently, the only people who go to jail are those that hide income, not those that inflate their deductions.

**Lost your bike?** With the rising prices of ten-speeds and the popularity of urban vandalism, lots of people will be making deductions for casualty losses. While the first \$100 of each such loss does not qualify for tax relief, the balance does, and you need not have made an insurance claim or a police report in order to establish this income tax deduction.

**Be generous to your boss.** Most of the money you spend to do your job, that is not reimbursed by your employer, is tax deductible, and it comes off right at the top of the tax calculation as an adjustment-to-income (making this a particularly juicy tax break, equally helpful to those who take the standard deduction and those who itemize). This includes such expenses as use of your car on behalf of your employer, office supplies and almost all of the items enumerated under the "go into business" category above.

Some advice: only 25 per cent of all tax returns are audited, and if your income is below \$25,000, the likelihood of audit is even less—by almost half as your income bracket moves downward.

As a final word, we might add that there are a couple of staple tomes to turn to in your hour of need: the first is J.K. Lasser's *Your Income Tax* (Simon and Schuster, \$2.95), the antique of them all but still up to date, and handy as always for settling down with the 1040, pencil and note pad.

There are also several newer guides (tax deductible) that have the creative tips Lasser lacks.

Finally, once all is mailed and done, we recommend *Tax Politics: How They Make You Pay and What You Can Do About It*, by Brandon, Row, and Stanton (Pantheon, \$6.95). The authors are ex-Nader's Raiders, and while you're brewing about what you've just shelled out, it might be nice to see how it got this way and what you can do about it.

### OLD WOMAN

Along the river,  
black fish  
pop the silver  
water surface,  
waves unroll,  
as the gnarled  
bronze face and  
black eyes  
remember  
cool sea shells  
and warm turquoise,  
the turkey gobbling  
behind bushes,  
and the red skirt  
hanging on the bougs  
as she bathed . . .  
She cannot say amen  
who remembers,  
but smiles to the sunrise  
as she walks through the grass,  
who walks through the tall  
green grass  
because books could not take it,  
grass that does not listen to  
the priest  
in black robes, but cradled the  
cries and bones  
of her people, bloom green,  
as she walks through the grass  
and talks with them.

—Jimmy Santiago Baca  
Arizona State Prison

## Mother's Healer

# ADD POISON FOR FLAVOR & FRESHNESS

by Hugh Drummond, M.D.



consume. This National Center for Toxicological Research was set up against the advice of the National Cancer Institute, which the food processing industry hasn't yet co-opted.

In the past, when FDA scientists came up with evidence that a particular food additive is harmful, instead of immediately banning it, the matter was referred to the Food Protection Committee of the National Academy of Sciences. The Food Protection Committee is heavily influenced by the food industry and it includes as members scientists who are either employed by the food industries or serve as their consultants.

With this tainted baptism, the FDA then uses a variety of administrative ploys to permit the continued use of substances that its own scientists have deemed unsafe: "interim" or

"provisional" approvals, further industry-sponsored studies or continued listing on the "Generally Recognized As Safe" (GRAS) roster. The GRAS list comprises chemicals that were used in food before the law clearly stated that anything that caused cancer must be banned. This "grandfather" clause has allowed additives to be dumped in food for years when their safety was unproved. The FDA is only reviewing the GRAS list now.

The way this administrative quagmire works to the benefit of industry is shown with the history of two additives: cyclamates and Red Dye No. 2.

Well over a year before cyclamates were banned from soft drinks, jello, candy and other sweets, Jacqueline Verrett at the FDA had found the chemicals caused gross birth defects in chickens. Verrett's specialty is

testing additives on chicken embryos for mutations and birth malformations. At the end of her tests, she recommended cyclamates—eaten for about ten years by that time—be banned immediately. The FDA did nothing. At one point, Verrett became so frustrated she carried a grossly deformed chicken through the administrative offices of the FDA so the Commissioner and his various assistants could see for themselves what Americans were drinking in larger and larger quantities.

The FDA geared up for more tests. This time, FDA scientists found that cyclamates caused not only birth defects but cancer in mice and rats. Under the law, then, the chemicals had to be banned. But hundreds of thousands of pregnant women had been needlessly exposed to cyclamates during the interim, as well as millions of Americans in high-risk cancer groups, who had fed themselves pounds of cancer-causing chemicals.

The history of Red Dye No. 2 is equally dismal. Red No. 2 is a coal-tar dye, like many others used in food today. The coal tars have been suspected of producing cancer for many years, but they found their way to the GRAS list. Testing in the U.S. of these colors is recent. Red No. 2 was known to produce cancer and birth defects in laboratory animals for more than five years before it was eventually banned in 1976.

The first really conclusive data came from the Soviet Union in 1970, when two scientists there discovered that Red No. 2 caused cancer after it was fed to rats and mice. The studies were initially ignored by the FDA. At that time, just about everything was colored with Red No. 2. It was used to make all colors more brilliant and colored about \$25 million worth of U.S. food. Between 1970, when the Soviet study appeared, and 1975, when the dye was banned, production of the chemical escalated mightily. By 1975, about 1.4 million pounds of Red No. 2 was certified for use in foods.

Two years after the Soviet

FOOD IT'S GOING to turn out that the "acceptable" amounts of rodent droppings and vermin hairs in packaged foods are the only healthy things in them. Unless the rats and roaches have been eating packaged food themselves; then their excrement and antennae are no better (if no worse) than the endless variety of cancer-producing chemicals that make our diets so piquant.

If you have any remaining illusions about the social conscience of big business, I invite you to look into the \$145-billion-a-year food industry. You really need the Puritan-paranoid instincts of Thomas Pynchon to do it right.

Since the 1940s, the American food supply has been mechanized, processed, chemicalized, enhanced and emulsified, colored and packaged, frozen and freeze dried. Once there was wheat; now there is modified food starch. As a result, during the eating day the average person consumes more than 1,800 chemicals in food—about five pounds of food additives yearly. That doesn't count the 110 to 200 pounds of sugar we eat, since sugar is an additive in many processed foods.

I recommend for your pre-dinner reading a short volume entitled *Eating May Be Hazardous to Your Health: The Case Against Food Additives*. It was written by Dr. Jacqueline Verrett, a rebel biochemist from the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), and Jean Carter, a hard-nosed science writer. The book is an inside-out look at the way the FDA ignores its own legal responsibility to protect us against harmful food additives, and systematically pimps for the food processing industry.

The law on all of this is very clear. It states, "No additive shall be deemed to be safe if it is found to induce cancer when ingested by man or animal." Despite this relatively unequivocal language, the FDA established, at huge public expense, a special laboratory in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, to find out just how many cancer-producing chemicals we could "safely"

studies, the FDA eventually decided to do its own tests, while allowing production and use of the chemical to continue. In 1972, agency scientists began a long-term rat-feeding study to test for cancer, with rats eating a bit more Red No. 2 than the average human consumption. Despite the fact that test and control animals were mixed up, that several animals died early for unknown reasons and that only some were checked for cancer, the FDA tried to use this study to show that Red No. 2 did not conclusively cause cancer. Petitions from public-interest groups and pressure in the FDA forced the agency to ban the dye, thus reversing its initial disastrous decision.

There are dozens of other carcinogenic food colorings still in use. Red No. 40 has replaced Red No. 2 to color food. In 1976, 1.7 million pounds of Red No. 40 were certified for use in foods and drugs. The dye is made by Allied Chemical and, according to Ralph Nader's Health Research Group, which has studied Red No. 40, it was approved on the basis of

only one suspect study, rather than a minimum of two, the generally accepted scientific criterion.

Since its approval, two different feeding studies have shown Red No. 40 causes lymphatic cancer in mice. As a re-

shown to cause hyperactivity in children. When the kids eat non-artificial foods, their "minimal brain dysfunction," usually treated with amphetamine-type drugs, goes away.

Nitrites get us into the big casino. They give bacon, ham,

organic food movement. The movement and the journals that service it are dismissed as faddist by agribusiness hucksters and their scientific whores. If organic food distributors should emerge as a real threat, conglomerates may try to buy them up.

Organic food is offensive to corporate managers. People might begin to appreciate locally grown lettuce, which is not cultivated for a long shelf-life, coast-to-coast transportation and the taste of styrofoam. They may decide that beautiful red apples packed in vinyl chloride are not as delicious as less vivid ones with an occasional spot. They may also object to the price of packaging and maybe even to the fact that those who wrap the apples in plastic are being exposed to a little aerosol of vinyl chloride every time the heating element seals the package. (Vinyl chloride has been found to cause a very malignant cancer of the liver. But we will talk about occupational health another time.)

In my Pynchonesque heart of hearts, where Puritanism and paranoia meet, I suspect that the corporate murderers have a plan for that will make us completely and irrevocably dependent on chemicals. Growing things in the ground is too cumbersome and inefficient a process to make money. One needs to think about such imponderables as the seasons, the weather, nitrogen-exhausted earth, insects and other residues of organicity. Factories, on the other hand, fit comfortably and predictably into corporate cost-accounting. Growth rates need not rely on mysterious forces.

It is inevitable that agribusiness will induce us to give up the idea that food itself is a natural phenomenon. And before long, instead of chemicals being the additives, they will be the food.

## FOOD DAY INFO

If you want to do something about the chemical food you're being force-fed, you might want to join activists now organizing for Food Day, April 21.

The theme of this year's Food Day is "Nutrition," and events are sponsored nationally by the Center for Science in the Public Interest (CSPI). "Burn this into your mind," CSPI says of the first step to take toward Food Day. "We eat too much sugar, fat and refined flour, and rely too heavily on overprocessed, engineered foods." Repeat that on your way to McDonald's.

The next step is to start working on local events that address your community's most pressing nutritional needs. You might start by working against food-producers' advertising hypses and vending-machine junk. Better yet, you could support ventures such as food stamp outreach, school breakfasts and lunches, food relief for the elderly and "how-to's" for alternative food networks like co-ops and buying clubs. Local health professionals, teachers and the media should be involved; their support is invaluable.

For information on your local Food Day group and materials on ideas for activities, write: Food Day, 1757 S Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009. If you or your organization is particularly interested in beefing up federally sponsored food programs, write: Food Research and Action, 2011 Eye Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. The Center for Corporate Responsibility is directing its efforts at determining the role of multinational corporations in feeding the Third World. Its address: 475 Riverside Drive, New York, New York 10027.

Now put down those french fries and get going.

**"Daily, we consume more than 1,800 chemicals in food. The fact that we are not yet dumb runts with malignant tumors should give you little assurance."**

sult, the Center for Science in the Public Interest has petitioned the FDA to ban Red No. 40. Typically, no action has yet been taken.

Next time you buy a "cherry" soda or pie, remember there are 13 different chemicals that go into the flavor "cherry." In all, 1,500 different chemical compounds flavor nearly all our food. None of the artificial flavors has ever been tested for safety. Yet artificially colored and flavored food has been

corned beef, hot dogs and, yes, bologna, even lox, that inviting red color. If you should at the same time ingest some food or drug that contains chemicals called amines (e.g. beer, wine, cereals, tea, fish, cigarettes, Contac, Librium, Streptomycin), the unhappy marriage of these amines and the nitrous acid results in nitrosamines, the most potent carcinogens known. Every organ in every species of experimental animals has been found to be subject to cancer when exposed to the nitrosamines.

Among the other "safe" substances with which our government lets corporations increase their profits is MSG, known to cause brain damage in children, and a pervasive chemical in soup, oriental foods and many packaged seasonings. Saccharin may cause bladder cancer; brominated vegetable oils retard growth. The fact that we are not all dumb runts with malignant tumors should give you little assurance. While we consume relatively small amounts of this stuff, their effects are cumulative over time and synergistic with one another. Cancer and birth defects nationally are on the rise.

Food additives have no valid function. They satisfy an artificial demand programmed by the industry so that the use value of food can be transformed into the surplus value of an exchange commodity. If agribusiness did not make us lust for the useless, its profits would fall.

As an alternative, there is the

If you have any medical or psychiatric questions you'd like Dr. Hugh Drummond to address in this column, please write Mother's Healer, c/o Mother Jones, 607 Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94105.

**“If men could get pregnant, abortion would be a sacrament.”**

Flo Kennedy talks “verbal karate” in *Ms.*

**“Black family life will be a disaster if it copies white family life.”**

Eleanor Holmes Norton talks about black feminism in *Ms.*

**“When the female leaves the house to work for wages, she finds that she carries her inferior and servile status with her.”**

Andrea Dworkin, “Why Economic Recovery Will Not Work for Us” in *Ms.*

**“Our pre-occupation with ‘good-bad’ sex threatens to turn us into a nation of emotional zombies.”**

Ingrid Bengis, “How’s Your Sex Life?” in *Ms.*

**“Just as men victimize the weak member of the group, women victimize the strong one.”**

Gloria Steinem on “Trashing” in *Ms.*

**“Rape signifies that any woman...can be reduced by force or intimidation to the lowest common denominator—a free piece of ass.”**

Andrea Dworkin, “Phallic Imperialism” in *Ms.*

**“Men, with all their bravado, seldom have the courage to stick a flower on their desks.”**

Alan Alda, “The ERA: Why Should Men Care?” in *Ms.*

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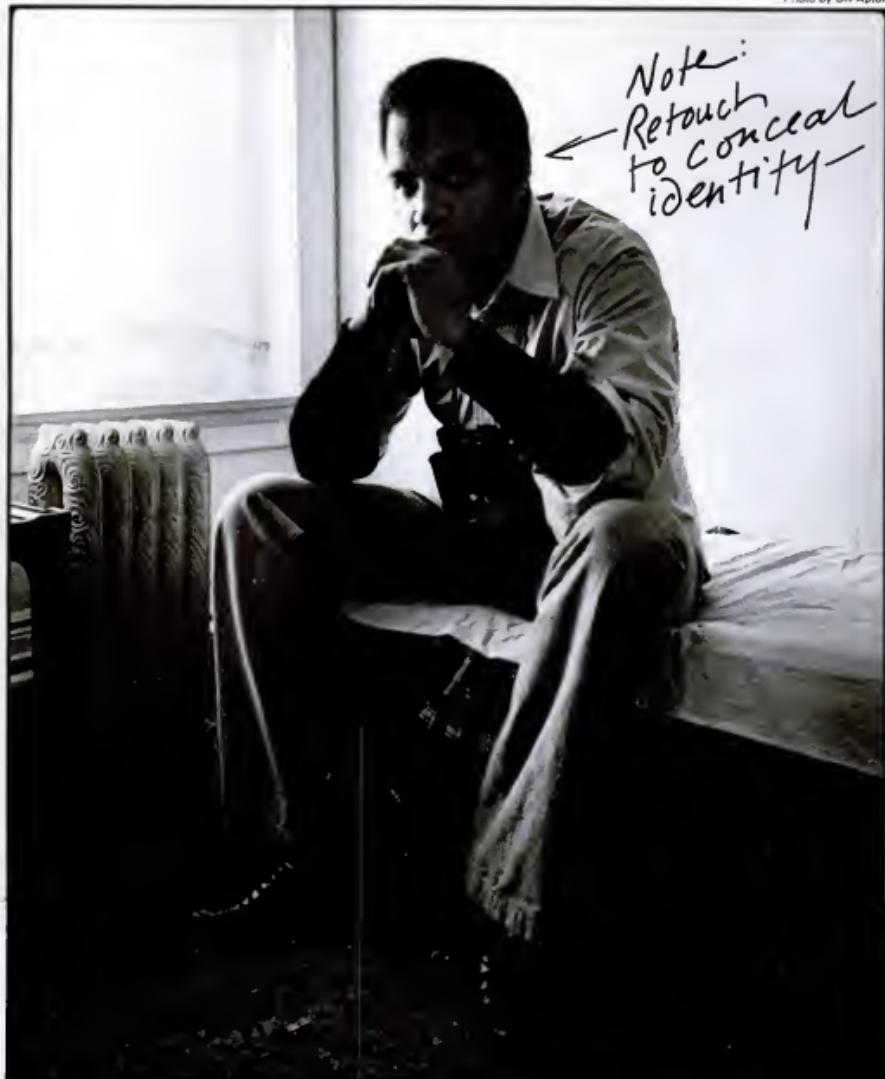
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2/25/77--SOMEWHERE IN CALIFORNIA: Former FBI informer Darthard Perry in a hotel room. Sought by police, Perry went underground and has remained there since telling the story of his seven years as an agent provocateur.

## The Man the FBI Used to Destroy the Black Movement in Los Angeles

# MEET AMERICA'S MEANEST DIRTY TRICKSTER

by Roger Rapoport

**B**Y ANY STANDARD it was a formidable raiding party that showed up to arrest Darthard Perry at his two-bedroom, frame-and-brick bungalow in Watts on the morning of May 22, 1975. The four Los Angeles County Sheriff's deputies, two city police officers and a pair of plainclothes detectives pushed forward as the big 25-year-old black man opened the door. "Are you Darthard Perry?" asked a deputy.

"Nope," replied the man as he began backpedaling into the kitchen.

"Yes you are," replied the deputy, who quickly whipped out his handcuffs, shackled Perry and carefully led him away with all the respect traditionally reserved for a first-degree murder suspect. The fact that he was being picked up for bouncing a couple of grocery checks totaling \$125.15 did not diminish his significance. For Darthard Perry was no small-time con man.

Over the next eight days authorities played musical jails with their prisoner, transferring him back and forth between four different facilities. Held for a week, he could not be found by friends anxiously canvassing community jails. His only regular visitors were two agents from the FBI, an agency Perry says he had worked for from 1968 until the spring of 1975. The men promised to get Perry off if he would sign a set of releases absolving the FBI of responsibility for certain work he had done at the Bureau's behest.

When the young man refused to oblige, he was turned over to a team of sheriff's deputies. After the officers finished working him over, he was returned to the agents. But nothing, not even repeated kicks in the stomach, jabs in the groin or punches in the kidneys could persuade him to sign their releases. After a fourth futile attempt, the Bureau men gathered up their documents and headed for the door. "Well," one of the agents told Perry on the way out, "we tried to help you."

Over the past several years the FBI has weathered a series of offensives from lawyers, Congress and the press that have destroyed its carefully nurtured Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., image. Newspaper readers now know a good deal about the Bureau's COINTELPRO program aimed at destroying radical groups like the Black Panthers, about the FBI's role in the assassination of Chicago Panther leader Fred Hampton and about the Bureau-financed right-wing death squad in San Diego aimed at forcing the New Left underground. Indeed, it is difficult to read some new revelation these days without wondering: haven't I heard this already?

But never has there been a case like Darthard Perry's. His extraordinary seven-year history with the FBI makes him by far the most important defector from the agency's ranks. Testimony he has given proves the Bureau was involved in an entire range of illegal activities not

disclosed before. Under FBI orders, Perry accomplished, in financial terms alone, more than a *quarter-million* dollars' worth of property damage to black and radical organizations. The less tangible damage he caused—spreading distrust, breaking careers and wrecking important projects from the inside—was more severe and lasting.

Over the past four months *Mother Jones* has, with Perry's cooperation, conducted a comprehensive examination of his FBI career. People attracted to the treacherous business of double-agency have complex personalities and motives—even after they come clean. Perry, who had had some troubles with the law before he went to work for the FBI, is certainly no exception. Therefore, in what follows, the major exploits Perry describes have been researched by interviews with officials of the organizations Perry infiltrated, reports from others with knowledge of his activities and independent examination of court records, trial transcripts and other documents. The story that emerges from all these sources is unparalleled in the long war the federal government has waged on the 20th-century American Left. For comparison, one must look at notorious secret police agents of the past, such as Yevno Azov, the star informer for the Tsarist secret police, who wormed his way into the leadership of the revolutionary underground, masterminded several assassinations and caused the arrest



12/8/69--LOS ANGELES: A pre-dawn police raid wrecks Black Panther Party headquarters. Twenty-four members are arrested and the Party is decimated. Informer Darthard Perry had infiltrated the Party and supplied reports to authorities.

of dozens of his colleagues. In this country, though, Perry has no peer. He is the biggest *agent provocateur* of them all.

Perry's history begins in 1968, when the FBI first pressed him into service. It was a time when anti-war agitation was on the rise and when the government was extremely worried about black militant groups like the Black Panther Party. The Watts riots had happened only three years earlier.

Like many of the 1,500 domestic intelligence informants still working for the Bureau, Darthard Perry joined up after completing a tour of duty with Army Intelligence. But the decision to become a Bureau spy was not entirely his own. An agent from the FBI's Los Angeles office first tried to recruit the young man in early 1968 while he was attending Sacramento State College. After introducing himself to Perry in a campus parking lot, the agent began asking questions about black political leaders. "You're the man with all the computers," Perry told the agent. "Go use them and leave me alone."

"Would you like to make some extra money?" asked the agent.

"Nope."

"You know there are ways we can make you talk," replied the FBI man as he strolled off to his car.

Perry quickly forgot about the incident, but the FBI recruiter's warning proved prophetic. Several months later, not long after the 19-year-old Perry had transferred to Los Angeles City College, the FBI man reappeared. This time the agent told the young student that probation imposed on him in a minor stolen-property case would be revoked unless he came aboard.

"Since I was not about to start doing time," says Perry, "I decided to meet with them up in their 14th-floor office in the L.A. Federal Building. I'll never forget that first meeting. They took me back in a little cubicle and started throwing all sorts of names of radicals at me. They asked me about people in the Black Panther Party, U.S., the Republic of New Africa, the Weathermen and all sorts of other groups. Then after they were satisfied that my military intelligence experience gave them the background they wanted they took my picture and fingerprints. Finally at the end of the meeting one of the agents said, 'Well, Perry, I guess you'll need a code name.'

"'Yah,' I told them, 'I guess I will.'

"How about calling yourself Othello," he said with a grin on his face."

Perry had little difficulty joining the Los Angeles Black Panther Party chapter. He attended political education classes, worked on the children's breakfast program and sold party newspapers. Meanwhile, he was stealing documents, personal phone books and records for the agency. "The Bureau was anxious to get all sorts of details about new members," he recalls today while nervously pacing the living room of a Los Angeles friend. Perry's hulking frame and 220 pounds make him look like a linebacker. A light-skinned, handsome man, Perry wears his hair in a short Afro. His speech is not that of the black ghetto but the flat twang of his native Kansas City.

Within months Othello proved himself to be one of the best operatives reporting to the Los Angeles FBI office. For instance, as soon as he learned that Panther leaders had rejected publication of a Party coloring book drawn up by a Sacramento chapter member, Perry stole a copy for the Bureau. "This is exactly what we need," said a smiling agent as he took the original out to a print shop.

A few days later Perry was picked up at a Watts street corner by an agent, who

pointed to a large stack of Black Panther coloring books in the back seat. "We want you to distribute some of these," he explained. "Give it out to the kids and stuff." Perry took his allotment and began spreading the books around town. Within weeks, thousands of copies were in distribution throughout black sections of Los Angeles, Chicago, New York and other cities. Panther critics immediately began denouncing the comics. No one in the party was more dismayed than the young Sacramento member who had originated the project. Leafing through the document, he noticed that someone had inserted all sorts of fiery rhetoric into the comics. Among the new slogans were "Seize the Time," "Off the Pig" and "Kill Your Local Hog."

In between sabotaging Panther programs and attending local college classes, Perry attended FBI indoctrination sessions, where he was shown new surveillance techniques and taught how to spread false rumors. Frequently he was shown photographs and dossiers on party leaders. Invariably the agents provided a careful rundown on the sexual habits of various Panthers. They urged Perry to get them more information on the love life of anyone in or associated with the organization. "The Bureau really kept bugging me about whether or not any of the Panthers' white sympathizers were romantically involved with party members," recalls Perry. "And they asked me to find out anything I could on Donald Freed's sex life." Freed was a white professor, author (*Executive Action, The Killing of RFK*, etc.) and playwright heading the Friends of the Black Panthers.

Othello provided the answers to these and other questions until December 1969, when he was pulled off the Panther beat. By that time, police had destroyed the Los Angeles chapter office in a raid and arrested 24 party members. With the local Panthers decimated, the FBI had new jobs for Perry, who had worked his way up to the point where he sometimes made \$1,000 a month. First, the agency sent him out of town to Northern California for several months. The furlough ended when he was ordered to return to Los Angeles and apply for a job with the Watts Writers Workshop.

"There were no positions open when Perry first applied for a job," recalls Harry Dolan, former director of the Workshop. Talking in his Inglewood apartment against the blast of his teen-

age son's stereo, the heavyset black author and screenwriter says: "He was using the alias Ed Riggs. I should have told him to come back in six months. But he seemed so down and out that I agreed to take him up on his suggestion to sleep on the office couch in exchange for working as a janitor."

The new apprentice diligently cleaned the Workshop's theater—a \$250,000 facility recently built with money from the big studios and from a benefit celebrity pool tournament. Before performances Perry carefully dusted the theater's fine piano, donated by Sammy Davis, Jr.

During those early months Othello was so convincingly threadbare that director Dolan gave him a pair of shoes for Christmas. After about six months the new man moved onto the payroll as technical director for theatrical productions.

A diligent worker, Perry proceeded up the organizational ladder to take control of the video communications program. With his hands on the Workshop's cameras, he now had the perfect cover for infiltrating groups like the Reverend Jesse Jackson's Operation Push, the EPIC black pride program and student organizations on the state college campuses at Los Angeles and Long Beach. When the latter school's Black Student Association was searching for a site where Bobby Seale could speak, Perry

made arrangements to let them use the Workshop theater.

The FBI operative was a very busy young man just prior to this 1972 speaking engagement: "First I planted two mikes in the Workshop office, slipped their wires up through the ceiling and down onto the stage, where I hooked them into a big Ampex recorder. When Seale showed up I took him into the office and got him talking privately about all sorts of Panther activities. During his talk I photographed the entire audience with a wide-angle 35mm camera. And when he was finished I videotaped a nice long interview for the Workshop. When I brought all this material back to FBI headquarters, my superiors were barely able to contain themselves. I mean they were positively jumping up and down."

Impressed by Othello's superb surveillance work, the agency began giving him a crack at bigger jobs, such as peddling weapons. The same agent who had handed him Black Panther comics for distribution just a few years earlier was now meeting him late at night in Ralph's Supermarket parking lot to hand over briefcases full of handguns and rug-wrapped rifles. Perry was given explicit instructions on how to sell these items. For years the Bureau had been trying to set up local radicals on firearms charges.



## MOTHER JONES

At first Perry had trouble selling his weapons to leftist groups like the Black Liberation Army and the Weather Underground. Anxious to satisfy his superiors, he disposed of the guns and rifles by simply planting them at offices of organizations the Bureau was anxious to set up, such as the Community Freedom School. At one point the agency sent him off to New York, where he was assigned to infiltrate the local Panther chapter and sell them firearms. But after he spent a week getting acquainted with one situation, the Bureau summoned him home. It turned out, Perry says, that the New York Police Department had already taken care of the matter by selling the group explosives.

Out-of-town trips like this one raised the curiosity of Perry's colleagues back at the Writers Workshop. "He was always heading someplace like Sacramento, Berkeley or San Diego on weekends," recalls his former Boss Harry Dolan. "When we asked how he could afford all these trips on his small salary he explained that it was all being financed out of veterans' benefits received for attending local colleges."

While Othello continued putting in long hours at the Workshop, some of his associates were dismayed by the way he always seemed to be accidentally breaking off TV-camera cables with his foot, losing tapes and dismantling 16-track recorders in abortive attempts to achieve better sound. His bumbling ways led them to dub him "Baby Huey." As with the clumsy cartoon giant, trouble seemed to follow Perry everywhere he went.

By this time Harry Dolan was starting to get nervous about the man who called himself Ed Riggs: "My mind kept flashing on what my assistant had told me when I first hired the guy as janitor. He looked at me like I was crazy and said, 'Harry, we don't know who this guy is.' Of course I brushed him off at the time. But now I was getting concerned. Really strange things started happening. Like one afternoon I went over to Riggs's Watts house and found the door standing wide open. That struck me as being a little odd, so I walked in and discovered the whole place had been ransacked. I found him right away. We went back to his place and discovered that ten years' worth of Watts Summer Festival footage he had been editing into a Workshop documentary were missing."

"Bureau routine would change from time to time," recalls Perry, "but one thing that always remained the same was

payday. They always paid off in cars parked outside some place like Musso and Frank's Restaurant in Hollywood. After signing off for payments (which were \$300 to \$500 a week by this time), they'd tell me about special bounties being offered for finding fugitives and spying on them. They had all kinds of rewards. If you found some minor league character you'd get maybe \$500. But if it was some star like Bernadine Dohrn the price went up to \$5,000." Ever careful to cover their tracks, FBI agents paid Perry (as all their informers) only in cash, and rarely transmitted orders or suggestions in writing.

During these meetings and at get-togethers at the FBI's Wilshire Boulevard office, agents routinely debriefed Othello on his love life. Like other operatives reporting to the FBI, Perry found that his duty extended far beyond the nine to five shift. Part of his responsibility to the American government included going to bed with radical women activists and the women friends and relatives of leading leftists. This sexual espionage usually began with an agent summarizing dossiers on the amorous predilections of the informer's new target. "This one likes to fuck," an FBI agent explained to Othello on one occasion. "She is very loose but you have to make it seem like a challenge to her."

There were endless complications on the romantic front for Perry and his colleagues. One woman operative assigned to sleep with a Black Guerrilla Family leader was caught in bed by the man's wife—who promptly beat up the Bureau adulteress. Another agency seductress assigned to a Black Panther newspaper distribution official fell in love.

Perry managed to sleep with nine of the women to whom he was assigned. "Some of them were really freaky. One member of the New World Liberation Front liked to screw on a kitchen table lubricated with butter. The guys in the bureau really cracked up when they heard this and wrote it all down. I'm sure the information is still locked away in a file someplace. When I reported that a woman in the Black Liberation Army was an anal freak one of the Bureau guys looked at his colleague saying, 'Let's put that down.' I don't know what happened to her after that because I was shifted away. Maybe they turned their anal specialist loose on her."

By 1973 Othello had proved his worth in so many different ways that the Bureau began entrusting him with important

acts of sabotage and provocation. His first target was Angela Davis.

"On the night of January 15, 1973," says Perry, "I stopped off at a discount gas station in Compton, bought myself some kerosene and proceeded over to a south central Los Angeles garage the Bureau had targeted for me. Inside were the personal papers and documents of Angela Davis as well as literature belonging to local black organizations. Following instructions, I broke in and scanned headings on a number of documents looking for paperwork that might link Angela with the revolutionary underground. After failing to find anything like what they wanted I proceeded to burn the place down. The Bureau insisted that the job be made to look like the work of revolutionaries working from underground guerrilla-warfare manuals. Following orders, I poured kerosene into a Purex bottle, wedged half a flare into the top, lit the fuse and split."

At about the same time, Perry began escalating his one-man offensive against the Watts Writers Workshop. Financially pressed because of the recent loss of a federal grant, the organization decided to hold a major fundraising dinner in April 1973. "All our hopes were riding on that event," recalls Harry Dolan. "We culled out the names of 1,000 people who had helped us in the past, wrote out invitations, bundled them up and told Riggs to take them to the post office. The event turned out to be a complete disaster. Hardly anyone showed up, and we actually ended up losing money. We couldn't figure out why people who had supported us for so long would let us down in our hour of need. Then one day several weeks later, a post office truck pulled up with a sack full of invitations found lying in the gutter.

"We'd barely gotten over this when we discovered that our fundraising mailing list of 15,000 names had suddenly disappeared. The next thing we knew two \$15,000 TV cameras were lifted, and then three out of seven Workshop typewriters disappeared. The strange thing about it was that the thieves only took working machines. The broken typewriters remained untouched."

These and other fiscal setbacks forced the Workshop to begin laying off personnel and cutting back programs. Its activities came almost to a halt. In a desperate effort to avoid bankruptcy, Dolan cancelled the theater's insurance policy. Some months later he received a frantic call from Perry who informed him



6/1/67--LOS ANGELES: Novelist and scriptwriter Budd Schulberg (center) teaches class at Watts Writers Workshop. Right: Workshop director Harry Dolan. Left: Darthard Perry, as video expert "Ed Riggs."

that the Workshop building and its 350-seat theater were in flames. By the time Dolan arrived, Watts' only major stage was in ashes. Everything was lost—even Sammy Davis's piano.

Although the Bureau was delighted by Othello's single-handed destruction of the West's biggest black culture center, Perry was finally beginning to feel some conflict. "Every time they made me do some heavy job I'd tell myself that there was no way out. The way I figured it was either I do it their way or it was my ass. They made it very clear that if I didn't obey orders my parole up north was going to be revoked and I'd find myself in jail. After a while I got pretty good at following orders. After all, the money wasn't bad. And a lot of those people on the radical Left were so dumb they deserved to be done in. Their total lack of security and inability to protect themselves amazed me.

"But I felt really bad about hurting Harry and the Workshop. I mean he was like my very best friend. When I was grinning and joking with him it wasn't an act. Those people really took good care of me. After I burned down the theater, I went out and got good and

drunk for a couple of days, but it didn't do any good. After that I couldn't kid myself any longer. Like I knew there was no way to justify what I was doing—not even on grounds of self-preservation. The problem was I couldn't find a way to break free."

After the Watts Writers Workshop folded, Othello was reassigned to infiltrate the Community Freedom School. A weekend classroom for black children interested in learning African history, literature, music, dance and judo, the Freedom School was also a community meeting center for various black civic groups. Security was very tight at this educational center, but, armed with an FBI-supplied video camera and his old Workshop press credentials, a smiling "Ed Riggs" had no problem sauntering right in. When he finished recording his interview and photographing the building's layout, the operative asked the director, McNeal Nelson, if his group needed any food. Nelson accepted Othello's offer immediately and within a matter of days the infiltrator was dropping off groceries and electric cooking utensils purchased, according to Perry, with a

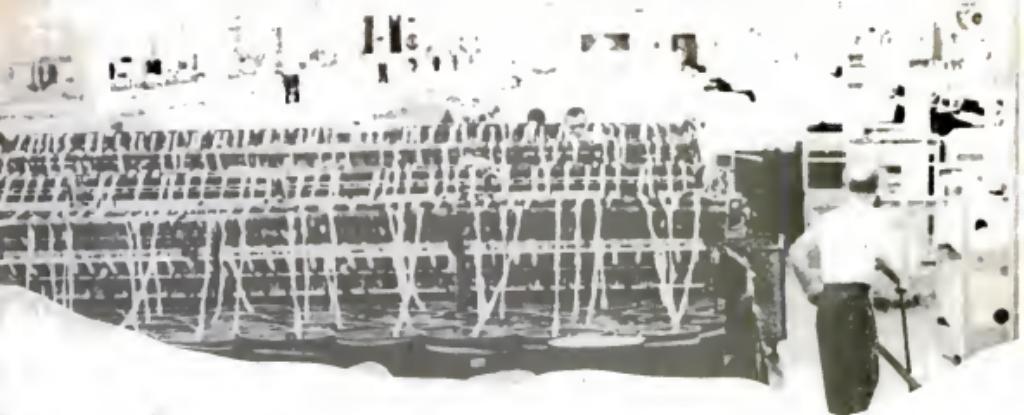
check drawn on an FBI-funded account.

After several meetings the two men began discussing various revolutionary activities, including weapons procurement, bank robberies and liquor store holdups. When Nelson showed an interest in obtaining hand guns, Perry got Bureau clearance to supply him with fake I.D., money and the name of a sporting goods store where he could purchase firearms. At the same time Othello planted incendiary devices and guerrilla-warfare handbooks in the organization's library. Subsequent FBI tips led to a police raid on the building and the arrest of McNeal Nelson for making false statements while buying four handguns. The director's arrest forced permanent closing of the Freedom School in the spring of 1974. He was convicted in May 1975 and spent some months in federal prison.

When he finished with the Community Freedom School, Perry proceeded to infiltrate radio station KPFK. Part of the Pacifica chain of nonprofit, Left-oriented FM stations, KPFK had long been a thorn in the FBI's side. Again, Perry used his FBI-furnished camera and Workshop

—Continued on page 59





# THE COTTON MILLS BACK HOME

In the "New South," King Cotton Is Bigger Than King Kong and Nastier by a Country Mile . . . But Now Some of the Folks Are Fighting Back

By Robert Friedman

*With Jimmy Carter has come not only a "New Spirit," a "New Beginning," but an image of "The New South." Carter's accomplishments have yet to be measured or weighed, but the idea of "A New South" has caught the fancy of journalists and the public around the country.*

*And yet an Old South remains—where most of America's poor live, where, outside the Atlantas and Miamis and Houstons, a complex and schizophrenic world remains in which old habits and new ways mix uncomfortably—and clash bitterly.*

*This is a story of a town that exemplifies the region with all its contradictions, and where the accomplishments of "progress" have yet to arrive.*

**I**F THE WIND is blowing in the right direction, you can smell Roanoke Rapids ten miles away, driving from Virginia into North Carolina on Interstate 95. The sweet, sulfurous stench is unmistakable. By the time the smokestacks of the Hoerner Waldorf paper company come into sight, the olfactory nerves are working overtime. But drive into Roanoke Rapids—past the shopping centers and fast-food franchises that choke the main arteries like so many molecules of cholesterol—and you hardly notice the paper mill. Instead of the odor of pulpwood, there is something else in the air.

This is a cotton-mill town.

Cotton is everywhere: cotton bolls growing in rich brown

fields outside of town; cotton dust flying around the factories, settling like snow on the carders and weavers, getting in their lungs; cotton yarn, miles of it, spinning and weaving ceaselessly. If cotton is the town's warp, the seven mills around Roanoke Rapids are its weft, setting its social and economic patterns. There was no Roanoke Rapids before the first cotton mill in 1895, and there wouldn't be much left if the mills closed down tomorrow.

Like most Southern textile towns, Roanoke Rapids is small (population 15,000), insulated (90 miles from the nearest city or airport) and dominated by one company. It has always been that way. Fifty years ago, when Sam Patterson owned the mills, he also owned most of the houses and stores in town, controlled the bank, built the schools and hand-picked the mayor and the chief of police. If you lost your job, you left town. Today, the mills are owned by a giant corporation, J. P. Stevens, the second biggest textile company in the country, with annual sales of more than a billion dollars, 46,000 employees, 85 plants and headquarters in a 46-story, glass-and-steel tower in New York City—43 stories taller than the tallest building in Roanoke Rapids.

The textile industrialists began moving south 60 years ago, abandoning their mills in New England. They came to towns like Roanoke Rapids in search of cheap, non-union labor, and when they found it, they fought to protect it. They

Illustrations by Lucinda Cowell

## MOTHER JONES

made the South safe for textiles: three-quarters of the nation's textile industry is now located in the South. It employs the most workers in the region and is the least unionized industry in the country, with fewer than ten per cent of Southern textile workers represented by a union; and the average U.S. textile worker's wages—\$3.78 an hour—are the lowest in any major manufacturing industry.

Right now a showdown is going on here. What happens in Roanoke Rapids this year is likely to affect the entire Southern textile industry, and thus the very economy of the New South. Stevens knows it. The people who live and work here know it. But the traditional signs of conflict—strikes, pickets, rallies, police—are missing. This is not the industrial North of the '30s, but the burgeoning industrial South of the '70s. To understand it, you have to go into the homes of Roanoke Rapids, into the union hall and the weaving rooms, down to the gates at shift change. Most of all, you have to listen.

## FLORIDA

Yeeaw Yeeaw Yeeaw  
go primordial  
aquatil vultures drying wet  
paper thin wings  
on bare-limbed trees above  
the alligator swamp.  
Five great white herons  
stand graceful, still  
& silent in the distance  
inviting dream.  
Blue are Bubie's fluffy  
slippers as she pads across  
the gold rug  
in Miami  
for a *bissel wasser*.  
Behind her on Washington  
Street the Food Fair  
empties of toilet paper  
piled high in the arms of  
*alte coachers* scared of shortages.  
In front a wind breaks white  
into the green sea.  
Bubie turns the tap  
& a vulture caws  
an ambulance sounds  
a heron takes off  
someone has died  
the water flows into a glass  
& the Glades are drained 8 oz. more.  
Bubie takes a pill  
and looks at the clock.  
"I like the climate here in the Glades"  
says the Nike-sergeant who picks me up.  
"It reminds me of Nam."

—David Shaddock

## FIRST, THE STORY OF THAT DOLLAR

The way Robert Mallory figures it, the company stole a dollar from him. Thirteen years ago, back in 1964, he took over the job of a white man driving trucks for J. P. Stevens, shuttling back and forth between the seven mills, delivering bales of cotton and picking up finished sheets and towels. The man he replaced earned \$3.35 an hour. Mallory was offered a dollar less to start, with the promise that after a six-week trial period, he'd get a dollar raise. Thirteen years later, he's still waiting.

The way I figure it, the company owes Robert Mallory \$27,040, not counting overtime. But he prefers to look at it in simpler mathematical terms: "That dollar ain't never come in yet."

In June 1976, a U.S. District Court judge found Stevens guilty of systematic racial discrimination in Roanoke Rapids. He ruled in favor of a suit filed six years earlier charging that black workers made substantially less than white workers, that higher-paying jobs were reserved for whites and that blacks were the first laid off. The judge ordered Stevens to begin compensatory hiring programs and to pay back wages to blacks who had been victims of discrimination. The company has appealed the decision.

Robert Mallory: "I want to see what the end is gonna be, see if I'm gonna get my dollar. It's mine, and I think it's due me, and I want it. I really want it. I'm the lowest paid truck driver doing the kind of work I'm doing—anywhere. I mean that's not fair."

It had taken me a while to find Mallory's house in Gaston, just across the river from Roanoke Rapids. But it was worth every wrong turn. Like most of the blacks who work at the mills, Mallory lives outside of town in a more rural area, where the roads are unpaved and unmarked.

(Roanoke Rapids is 90 per cent white. Northampton County, where Mallory lives, is 60 per cent black and in 1974 had a per capita income of \$3,504, nearly \$2,000 below the national average.)

You can tell a lot about Mallory from his small, four-room house. It is simple: electricity, but no running water; too much furniture, but no disarray. One wall is a portrait gallery with glossy high-school graduation photographs of eight of his ten children (two are still in school). An inexpensive painting of a beatific Martin Luther King, flanked by

Robert and John Kennedy, hangs above a double bed. Across the room is a black liberation flag. Propped up near the door is a shotgun, which just a week ago brought down a 180-pound deer.

Mallory talked on into the night about his 28 years working at the mills: "I haven't lost seven days' work in the whole 28 years, 'cause I don't believe in laying out on a man's job. And if I lost seven days it was going to funerals." Raising children: "We had ten right here in this house, so you know we had to be packed up." Working for J.P. Stevens: "I don't want none of my folks working there, I have seen women that the bosses talk to so dirty and nasty that they stand up and cry." The union: "I'm one hundred per cent with 'em. Any time they call me, I'll be right over there." His two great passions: hunting and fishing.

The union Mallory is talking about is the Textile Workers Union of America, which in August 1974, after two previously unsuccessful attempts, narrowly won an election at the seven cotton mills in Roanoke Rapids—its first victory ever at a Stevens plant.

Two and a half years after winning that election, the union is still bargaining for a contract. Stevens has stalled for time, refusing to accept such basic demands as dues checkoff and arbitration of grievances, letting rumors circulate that it will close down the mills rather than capitulate. The TWUA, for its part, has filed charges with the National Labor Relations Board accusing Stevens of bargaining in bad faith, merged its forces with the bigger Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union (forming the ACTWU, pronounced, appropriately, "Act Two") and launched a nationwide consumer boycott of Stevens products.

Men and women like Robert Mallory made the difference in the union's slim victory. Most of the blacks, who now make up a third of the 3,500 Stevens employees in Roanoke Rapids, entered the plants during and after the civil rights movement, leaving the cotton and tobacco fields, where they earned \$20 a week, for the mills, where they could make that much in a day. That seemed like good money, even though they usually wound up in the lowest paying jobs, in the carding room and waste-house.

But letting the blacks into the mills was like letting in the Trojan horse. "Blacks caused the union to get in here," Mallory says. Of course, there are sizable numbers of blacks at other Stevens

plants in the South where the union has failed to win elections. But in Roanoke Rapids the union owes its victory to people like Robert Mallory. He spent countless evenings sitting in homes like his convincing others that they needed a union to look after their interests; he organized a team of younger Mallorys to pass out leaflets at shift changes; and he took advantage of the mobility his job offered him to truck news about union ac-

was right. I knew they had no reason to fire me other than my standing up for what I believe in. But they were bad times."

Maurine Hedgepeth was carrying her third child when she went out on pregnancy leave in December 1964. The week before, she had testified against her supervisor at a National Labor Relations Board hearing in Roanoke Rapids. She expected trouble. On Christmas day,

289 workers and pay back wages of \$1.3 million, penalties that for a billion-dollar corporation have hardly discouraged racism.

Maurine Hedgepeth was one of the 289 reinstated. In 1969 the Supreme Court refused to hear an appeal by Stevens upholding the NLRB decision, ordering reinstatement with full back pay for her and 22 others fired in Roanoke Rapids four years earlier.



tivities from one plant to another.

If it weren't for his patience, Mallory might have given up on the union long ago. After all, 11 years have gone by since he signed his first blue card, and there's still no contract. And he might have given up hope of ever seeing that dollar taken from him 13 years ago, instead of talking about using the money to fix up his house. But patience is the mark of a good hunter. Robert Mallory waited five years before he had his first clean shot at a deer. He figures he can wait a little longer for that contract—and for his dollar.

#### [HOW THEY CROSSED YOU OFF THE LIST]

Maurine Hedgepeth knows the rewards of patience. She waited four years and 21 days to get her job back. Back in 1965 she was fired for union activities. Twice a week for four years, every Tuesday and Thursday when Stevens did its hiring, she went to the Rosemary Mill, where she had worked as a weaver, to inquire about her job. And twice a week she was told there was no work available.

"I had a lot of confidence. I knew I

her husband was fired from his job as a loom fixer.

The company said he had been drinking on the job. As he tells the story, he was ashamed to break the news to his wife, so he went out and got drunk. By the time he came home, there was no way to prove he had been sober at the mill. He never got his job back. When she reported for work in January, after having the baby, she learned what she had feared: there was no job for her either.

Firing employees who supported the union was nothing new for J.P. Stevens. As one veteran TWUA organizer explained: "They would pick out enough people in the leadership and start firing at a steady rate until the campaign stopped—and it always did." At one plant in South Carolina, the company posted the names of union supporters on a public bulletin board, and then crossed them off, one by one, as they were fired. Since 1963, the NLRB has found Stevens guilty of illegally discharging workers and violating other labor laws in 15 separate cases. Eleven of these decisions have been upheld by higher courts. Yet in all, the company has been forced to rehire

"I heard Ralph Nader talk about it on TV. I knew I coughed all night. That had been going on for 25 years. I looked at my husband and I said, 'Do you think that's what I got?' A few months later Lucy Taylor was diagnosed for byssinosis, grade one—better known as brown lung disease."

But the check for \$21,114 did not end Hedgepeth's troubles. Most of the others were too bitter to return to their jobs at Stevens. Not she. She went back to work in the Rosemary weaver room on principle. "Six months went by before anybody ever spoke to me. The company had started a rumor that the money they had to pay me came out of the workers' pockets. And when you take money away from people they don't like it."

"I went back to prove that I wasn't wrong, that workers do have rights, that the company was going to work me whether they liked it or not. Just because I was involved in the union and they didn't want me back, didn't mean that I was going to disappear or blow away."

Maurine Hedgepeth is not the sort of woman who would easily blow away. She is 44, short, heavy, firm in her convictions and rooted in Roanoke Rapids. She has lived here all her life and was raised on a diet of cotton-mill stories from both her parents.

"When Daddy got to be 64 years old, they [another mill] took him off his job as an inspector and put him to work lifting rolls of cloth. A roll of cloth will

weigh anywhere from 100 to 250 pounds. I used to go and see him pick up those rolls of cloth. He was an old man. I just hated them for doing people that way. Daddy would come home at night and I'd hear him say many times, "I'll see 'em in hell before I quit."

If her father had quit before he reached 65, he would have lost his pension. When he finally left after 27 years in the mills, he received a pension of \$42.10 a month. (Stevens' employees did not even have the benefit of a pension plan, meager as these plans generally were. Instead, the company had an employee's profit-sharing program. One man who retired after 37 years in the mills at Roanoke Rapids received, under profit-sharing, a single, lump-sum payment of \$1,300—nothing more. After considerable criticism, Stevens discontinued the plan last year and instituted a pension system.)

#### FOR REFUGIO TALAMANTE:

Because in Argentina cattle prods sputter and crack with the secret police against her daughter Olga. Because Olga has such deep eyes and strong hands. Because she says "8 to 10 men in the room and I was naked and tied to a bed. I was stronger. They needed 10 men and an electric machine against me because I was stronger." Because the State Dept. is indifferent, because it pays the torturers. Because thousands speak up. Because thousands cry out. Because Olga has such strong hands. Because she is flown to California. Because Refugio cooks for their friends. Because Refugio's hands work as she talks. Because Refugio says "I ask myself why does a person suffer so much, bear so much?" Because the more one suffers the more one struggles and then the less one sorrows. This I have learned from my daughter."

—Ed Ochester

#### [THEN THE CATCH]

Listen to Hedgepeth long enough and you begin to think you are back in the early days of the Industrial Revolution. Weavers are paid on a modified piece-work basis. Their looms are hooked up to "pick clocks" that measure and record the amount of material they weave.

Each weaver is assigned an efficiency standard, based on the type of loom she is running, and must produce at that rate in order to make the going weaver's pay—currently \$3.63 an hour. In other words, if her efficiency standard is 90 per cent, she must produce 90 per cent of whatever the production standard is to make \$3.63 an hour. For every percentage point she falls below the efficiency standard, she earns a few cents less; for every percentage point over, she earns more.

#### Now, the catch.

If a weaver begins to exceed her efficiency standard—to run her looms at 95 or 96 or 100 per cent of production—the company's industrial engineers will quickly raise production standards, thinking they must have been set too low to begin with. The results: weavers have had to steadily increase the number of looms they operate.

For Maurine Hedgepeth, a union contract in Roanoke Rapids would offer some protection: it would provide a decent retirement plan for someone like her father, who works in the mills for 27 years; it would mean no more discharges of workers who organize to improve their lot. Most of all, it would mean she has some say: "If I go to the store to buy something Stevens makes, they gonna tell me how much they want for it. So why can't I tell them what I want for my labor? That's the only product I've got to sell—my labor."

#### [I GOT A LITTLE MOTTO]

Shift change at Roanoke Mill #1, four in the afternoon: the red-brick factory (designed in 1897 by Stanford White) inhales several hundred fresh workers and exhales an equal number of exhausted spinners and spoolers, weavers and carders. The looms never stop. I watch one young black woman make her way to her car as if retreating from a battlefield. Maybe it's the incessant noise of the looms that eventually damages the hearing of an estimated one-quarter of those who work in the mills; maybe it's the stop-checker who's been following her around all day with a stopwatch and

a clipboard, recording how long it takes her to rethread a loom; maybe it's having spent eight hours without a lunch break in a factory where the windows have been bricked over; maybe it's the cotton dust that has settled on her hair like a new snowfall.

Of all the hidden injuries that take their toll on cotton mill workers, dust is the most insidious. Byssinosis—Monday morning sickness, or brown lung disease, as it is more commonly known—affects as many as 100,000 textile workers, according to Department of Labor figures. Although the respiratory disease was first described in 1713, although a partner of Nathaniel Stevens, who began the family textile business, quit in 1811 because "his lungs were affected by cotton flying," byssinosis was not officially recognized as a disease in this country until the early 1960s. And it wasn't until 1968 that the government made its first, unsatisfactory effort to regulate cotton dust in the work place. (Last December, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration proposed new, more stringent guidelines for cotton dust. Even under these new limits, OSHA admits, as many as 12 per cent of textile workers may develop byssinosis.)

The textile industry has consistently fought government regulation of cotton dust at both the state and national levels. In North Carolina—where until recently there was no workman's compensation for byssinosis and few of the disease's victims have collected any benefits—the textile companies make large contributions to candidates for state office who oppose regulation. In 1972 textile corporations and several textile millionaires were among the heaviest contributors to Nixon's reelection campaign. The Nixon administration went soft on the manufacturers. George Guenther, head of OSHA at the time, prepared a memorandum, later made public during the Watergate investigation, stating that "no highly controversial standards (i.e., cotton dust) will be proposed by OSHA."

The effect of government inaction and industry intransigence can be measured on the spirometers testing for byssinosis. Like black lung, which afflicts coal miners, byssinosis is a progressive degeneration of the lungs. In its early stages, noticeable after a few years in the cotton mills, a worker has trouble breathing and a tightness in the chest on Monday mornings. At first this condition passes after a

*—Continued on page 56*

## Why Not the Best?

# SO, MR. CARTER, WANT TO CHANGE AMERICA? HERE'S HOW

Edited by Adam Hochschild

**I**T HAS BEEN a curious spring. Though President Carter's first hundred days are almost over, it is sometimes hard to remember we have a new party in power. Don't expect too much, they tell us from Washington; government can't do everything. We can't stop the price of energy from going up. We can't really bring unemployment down. The Republicans' free enterprise has become the Democrats' lowered expectations—but the message is not much different.

All the same, watching Carter give his fireside chats and forego Presidential pomp, wear sweaters and deliver little homilies, it is impossible not to like the man—a feeling hard to get used to after Johnson and Nixon. But the best hope for the next four years comes not from Carter himself but from the pressures he will be under. A liberal Democrat in the White House, like a liberal Pope in the Vatican, allows an opening to the Left.

Whether the government moves leftward depends entirely on how hard we push it. The chance is there. "Carter is the first Democratic President since Franklin Roosevelt with the opportunity to put forward a substantial domestic reform program," says community activist Derek Shearer. "Truman, Kennedy and Johnson were all hobbled by continual foreign policy crises, which focused attention and energy abroad, and by a Southern-dominated seniority system in Congress. Today the country is not at war. Congress is more open to reform. Carter, because of his background, has special leverage with the remaining Southern potentates."

Also for the first time since Roosevelt, a President is entering office at a time when millions of people in this country know American capitalism doesn't work. Myths are shattering. The UAW calls for nationalizing the railroads. Chicago Seven veteran Tom Hayden polls an astonishing 37 per cent of the vote of California Democrats in the U.S. Senate primary. Michael Harrington talks about socialism in *Harper's* and Barry Commoner discusses it in *The New Yorker*. A national opinion poll finds two-thirds of people questioned say they'd like to work in a business controlled by its employees.

This new mood is beginning to become something more. Congressional liberals are introducing legislation that would be a first step toward reshaping the American economy. These

range from the loophole-plugging Tax Justice Act to the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment bill to proposals for government takeover of banks and oil companies. Halfway measures? More like tenth-way measures—but a few years ago they never would have been introduced at all. More important, the country is seeing a quiet upsurge of grassroots organizing unmatched by anything since the early days of the civil rights movement. From California to Massachusetts, Texas to Montana, local activists are doing everything from organizing workers in non-union industries (see page 24) to by-passing supermarkets with nonprofit food co-ops.

Among these organizers and others on the Left today—progressive labor unionists, veterans of the anti-war and civil rights movements—there is an informal but increasingly coherent consensus about what a changed America should look like. It should be a country that experiments with an American kind of socialism, where workers and communities (not federal bureaucracies) own and run offices and factories. Where national planning ensures jobs for all. Where decisions are decentralized as widely as possible, and the neighborhood becomes a prime unit of government. Where equal opportunity means not just a black judge here or a woman bank president there, but a closing—instead of the current widening—of the huge gaps between the incomes earned by blacks and whites and men and women. And where we aid revolutionaries in South Africa instead of generals in Brazil.

Although rich enough to support the greatest social experiments on earth, the United States is unlikely to change so dramatically within our lifetimes. Few countries ever do—yet that's no reason not to keep, nourish, and refine that vision of social justice. When the blacks of Montgomery desegregated the buses 20 years ago they had no illusions all race discrimination would end the next day. The best of today's activists share the same practical, durable wisdom—a politics that embodies both that long-range vision and the willingness to lobby a city council to pass a rent control ordinance next week. No Revolution will come tomorrow, but some important changes are within our grasp. In the following pages we have chosen five critical policy areas to show what some of these changes are—and some of the men and women who could carry them out.



## (ECONOMIC JUSTICE)

### TELEvised ELECTION EVE SPEECH LISTS CARTER'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Special to The New York Times

YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio, November 4, 1980—President Carter chose a machine-tool factory for his televised election eve speech last night, the most important of his 1980 campaign. His clothes smeared with grease and metal dust, the President had just spent the previous eight hours operating a drill press on the plant's day shift, a fulfillment of his 1977 pledge to spend a day each month getting a feel for the problems of ordinary Americans.

But Mr. Carter didn't have to work at the plant to be popular in Youngstown, for they already love him here in this Ohio city. Local labor leaders credit his far-reaching economic reforms—which both Republicans and Democrats call the biggest changes in U.S. domestic policy since the New Deal—with slashing

the city's unemployment rate in half and preventing several large factories from leaving the area for overseas.

Standing before a cheering crowd of 2,000 workers last night, Mr. Carter summarized the economic accomplishments of his first term as he saw them. One hand still holding a pair of safety goggles, the President listed five key programs:

#### [FULL EMPLOYMENT]

"I don't know how politicians got away for years with calling five per cent or six per cent unemployment full employment," said Mr. Carter last night. "Full employment is full employment, and we're not going to stop until we have it." Back in 1977, the President reminded his listeners, he had signed a toughened-up version of the *Balanced Growth and Full Employment Act* originally introduced in 1976 by Representative Gus Hawkins (Dem.-CA) and Senator Hubert Humphrey (Dem.-MN). This Act transformed the U.S. Employment Service into a Job Guarantee Service and required Mr. Carter to provide Congress with a sweeping, specific plan to get

everybody back to work. This was swiftly followed by legislation modeled on Canada's successful *Local Initiatives Program*, which helps towns and cities create jobs without creating a federal bureaucracy at the same time.

In late 1978, the President signed the *National Employment Priorities Act*, which had been introduced by Vice President Mondale while still a member of the Senate. Previously, thousands of people could be thrown out of work and a city like Youngstown plunged into recession if a corporation closed down a big plant, but this Act makes the company pay a large part of resulting costs. Carter and Mondale toughened the bill later by adding on the "Employ America" package of taxes and controls, which cracks down hard on corporations who take their "runaway shops" to other parts of the country or abroad in search of cheaper labor.

It was this last program, Mr. Carter reminded his enthusiastic supporters last night (many of whose cars in the company parking lot outside sported "Employ America" bumper stickers), that led former Bendix chief Michael Blumenthal to quit the Carter Cabinet. "If Carter keeps on this way it will be the end of the free enterprise system as we know it," Blumenthal had said at the time. The President, when asked for a reply by reporters, had merely grinned.

#### [BANKING]

"If there's anybody more dangerous than a multinational executive, it's a hunker," the President said last night. "He's going to put his dollar where he can earn the biggest profit on it, not where a consumer-credit union or childcare co-op needs money, or where a community needs a business built up so it will provide jobs." That was why, the President said, his administration had set up the *National Cooperative Development Bank* (to lend money to food and housing co-ops and the like), the *National Development Bank* and the *Regional Development Banks* (publicly controlled banks that lend money to maximize social, rather than private, profits, aiding areas like inner cities, which in many cases are all that's left of the cities). All of these ideas had been urged from the early 1970s onward by reformers associated with the National Conference on Alternative State and Local Public Policies, *Working Papers* magazine and other such groups.

"And if David doesn't like it, he can

### O.M.B. DIRECTOR



Carter's Choice



Mother Jones' Choice

**Carter's: Bert Lance.** One classic thing any incoming liberal Democratic President does is to reassure business he's not going to rock the boat. Appointing Lance—a conservative Georgia bank president—to the key Office of Management and the Budget did just that.

**Mother Jones': Gar Alperovitz.** What we really need, of course, is an OMB director who will rock the boat of America's sluggish, unjust economic system. Alperovitz, a respected economist, historian and former Senate staffer, directs the Exploratory Project for Economic Alternatives, the most sweeping effort anyone has made so far to plan how co-ops, community development corporations, worker control and nationalization of key industries could reshape the American economy.

lump it!" the President said when he finished describing his banking program. Observers, who have been surprised at the increasing fervor of Mr. Carter's language in recent months, believed he was referring to David Rockefeller, who chairs the Chase Manhattan Bank.

#### [PLANNING]

The third pillar of the President's economic program, he noted last night, was the *Bolstered Growth and Economic Planning Act*, which keeps the title of a much more lax law proposed in 1975 by Senator Humphrey and Senator Jacob Javits (Rep.-NY). The law empowers a National Planning Board, like similar agencies in France and other countries, to collect information on all investment decisions, purchases and sales. "Now the law just lets us know what the corporations are up to," the President said. "Next term we're going to put some teeth in it, so we can make them invest for the public good."

#### [COMPETITIVE PUBLIC ENTERPRISE]

"Like more than 40 other nations around the world, the United States now has its own national airline," Mr. Carter, who arrived on a red, white and blue AmAir jet from Washington this morning, said. "And we've seen that it's a money-maker even though its fares are lower than the private carriers."

The President also drew attention to the new "yardstick" companies his administration had set up in certain other fields: FOGCO, the Federal Oil and Gas Corporation (originally proposed in 1974 by Senator Adlai Stevenson, Jr. (Dem.-IL), modeled on the national petroleum corporations of Italy, France and other countries) and the new decentralized network of federal insurance companies, modeled on those in two Canadian provinces. The purpose of all these ventures, Mr. Carter recalled, was like one aspect of TVA in its early days: to prove that the federal government could competitively deliver a service at lower cost.

#### [CONTROLLING THE CORPORATIONS]

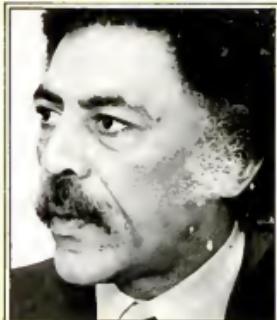
The only embarrassing moment of last night's speech came when the blue denim coveralls, which have become Mr. Carter's trademark, got caught momentarily on the huge buffing and polishing machine he was standing next to. But he disengaged himself and went on with the final part of his talk. The single piece of

#### NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR



Dennis Brack/Black Star

Carter's Choice



Wide World Photos

Mother Jones' Choice

**Carter's:** Zbigniew Brzezinski. Kissinger was Nelson Rockefeller's protégé; Brzezinski is David's. Together Brzezinski and the Chase Manhattan Bank chief organized the Trilateral Commission, the *how-do-we-manage-the-world* group that included Carter, Mondale, Vance, Brown and others. An anti-Communist hawk who was in L.B.J.'s State Department, Brzezinski had no shame about taking on the enemy on his own turf: he frequently debated for the war at university teach-ins.

**Mother Jones':** Ronald V. Dellums. The outspoken Representative from California was on the other side in those debates—and will still be there when the next Vietnam comes along. Dellums has also been a leader in the recent Congressional effort to halt CIA covert operations abroad. His record of vigorous commitment fits him well for what should now be the National Security Advisor's most urgent job: getting the U.S. out of bed with reactionary regimes like Chile's and South Africa's.

legislation he was most proud of, he said, was his 1979 package of corporate reform bills. "It's only a first step, but we know GM takes it pretty seriously," the President said with a laugh. A new law now requires all large corporations to have directors representing employees, consumers and cities where they have plants. General Motors has not had a Board of Directors meeting in several months because old-line directors refuse to sit down with their new board members, who include Ralph Nader and the left-leaning vice president of UAW, Irving Bluestone.

Another new law includes the Corporate Bill of Rights, which makes it illegal for a company to fire someone for exercising the right of freedom of speech or assembly. Observers credit this provision with allowing the big breakthroughs last year in union organizing of Southern textile workers and California migrant farm laborers.

In talking about his new legislation, Carter said, "We're going to work to improve working conditions everywhere—even in Cancel Bay." The remark drew laughter from the audience, since the

President was referring to the secret September meeting at the famed Caribbean luxury resort of more than 100 top executives of multinational corporations. The group formulated a plan for ceasing to invest in new plant equipment until the President canceled some parts of his economic program. Accounts of the meeting leaked to the press by a hotel employee, however, temporarily stalled their plans. "We mainly just came down here for the sun and swimming," insisted Exxon Board Chairperson, C.C. Garvin, Jr., First National City Bank chief Walter Wriston, and General Electric chairperson Reginald H. Jones in a joint statement issued to reporters.

#### [THE NEXT TERM]

Carter is favored to win handily in today's election. If his next four years in office are as surprising as his first four, most observers expect that worker ownership and control of American corporations will be the principal item on his agenda.

—David Olsen

David Olsen writes regularly on the economy for Mother Jones.

## (THE MILITARY)

Remember, from the balmy, "populist" moments of Jimmy Carter's campaign, his pledge to make a cut of \$5 billion to \$7 billion in military spending? Small potatoes, a lot of us thought, but a step in the right direction, and so we voted for him. But since November that promise has been promised, unpromised and then fussed over with so many ifs and buts that lately it has metamorphosed into an *increase* in the defense budget.

The saddest thing is not that Carter broke his pledge, but that its very terms were so nonsensically small to begin with. A President who was really serious about curbing the military—and still leaving the U.S. well defended—shouldn't stop at a mere \$5 billion. Most critics say at least \$15 billion could come out, and one former high official in the Department of Defense has carefully worked out a plan to cut the arms budget in half.

The plan's author is Earl C. Ravenal,

who was a division director in the Office of the Secretary of Defense from 1967 to 1969. "We should return to a very pristine notion," says Ravenal—namely that the purpose of the Defense Department should be to defend the United States—not to wage aggressive warfare or to defend countless other countries around the globe. Some of our allies, like Britain and France, have nuclear weapons and should ultimately look after themselves; others are right-wing dictatorships, such as Iran or Indonesia.

"We have gotten used to calling these foreign positions and commitments 'vital interests,'" Ravenal has written. "Some of them are interests. Few are truly 'vital.' Many interests don't require military defense."

Ravenal's position is one of common sense. But the unique thing he has done is apply his skills as a Pentagon systems analyst by figuring out just how much of our defense budget actually goes to defending the United States. He arrived at the figure of less than 30 per cent. To leave plenty of margin, he only proposes cutting the defense budget down to 50 per cent of what it is now, and doing that over a ten-year period. Here are some

things he says we can scrap:

- Troops, ships and planes in Asia. The men and equipment we use to defend bastions of democracy like Taiwan and the Philippines cost us over \$25 billion a year—\$4.5 billion alone pays for forces in Park Chung Hee's Korea. We could save every penny of it by gradually dismantling all of our military establishment west of Hawaii.

- Most of our NATO forces in Europe. These cost us \$50 billion a year. Ravenal doesn't want to remove them completely because of long-term commitments to European allies. But he says they can be scaled down drastically over time without damaging U.S. security. If the Russians played out the fantasies of Pentagon hawks and actually launched an attack—on Western Europe or on us—we still have our ICBMs.

- The B-1. Canning this monstrous boondoggle would save \$2.2 billion next year and \$90 billion over the plane's 30-year lifetime. A manned bomber is a sitting duck for ever-more-efficient anti-aircraft missiles, and would benefit nobody except its manufacturers.

- Land-based missiles. When we have missile-launching submarines that can roam all over the world to do their thing, why spend billions on missiles and silos in North Dakota that the Russians can pinpoint exactly?

Of course, Jimmy Carter is about as likely to adopt Ravenal's total program as he is to convert to Rastafarianism. But the enormous cost of new weapons like the B-1 have made many legislators willing to re-examine the whole question of just what is "national security."

One key group of Congressional liberals doesn't go as far as Ravenal but has come up with a promising new strategy for cutting down military spending. They are trying to persuade their colleagues to transfer Pentagon money directly to other things. Furthermore, some domestic liberals with no particular anti-military history have realized that the only place they can get money for costly programs at home is from the Pentagon budget. Thus the Transfer Amendment to the basic Congressional budget bill takes money from the military and allots it directly to child care, aid to the elderly, education, inner-city jobs and the like.

This year's Transfer Amendment would transfer about \$13 billion to these needs from the most palpably outrageous parts of the \$112.3 billion budget: this includes money for 40,000 troops in South Korea, for CIA covert operations, for aid and

## SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Dennis Brack/Black Star



Carter's Choice



Mother Jones' Choice

Lee Chonph/Black Star

**Carter's: Harold Brown.** The former Secretary of the Air Force under L.B.J. has cultivated a doivish reputation since that has become fashionable. But while at the Pentagon he was an architect and enthusiastic backer of the most brutal part of the Vietnam War: the aerial bombing of the North.

**Mother Jones': Elizabeth Holtzman.** No one in Congress fought harder against the air war Brown helped plan than Holtzman, the talented young Democrat from Brooklyn. She spoke out against the war again and again, voted against many key military bills, and even filed suit to stop the bombing. (You may remember her best from later on, as one of the sharpest Judiciary Committee questioners in the Nixon impeachment hearings). Last year she was House sponsor of the Transfer Amendment on military spending that Jack Nicholl describes above.

arms-sales credits to dictatorships and for the B-1 and certain other new weapons. Among the latter: the new MX missile, which is unnecessary, horrendously expensive and a "first-strike" weapon that would dampen the spirit of SALT.

Last year's Transfer Amendment caught the imagination of enough legislators to get 85 votes in the House. This year supporters are hoping for 150 or more. Supporting it should be the first job of any President who is serious about curbing runaway military spending and preventing future Vietnams.

Is Jimmy Carter likely to do this? His initial statements are hazy, but the people with financial interests at stake have few doubts. A recent survey of defense industry executives by *Business Week* magazine found them gearing up for the Pentagon's "biggest shopping spree in nearly a decade."

"We're upbeat," says Laurence J. Adams, president of Martin Marietta Aerospace Corporation. . . . Says Dolor P. Murray, Executive Vice President of McDonnell Douglas Corporation: "The defense industry is in a very healthy position." —*Jack Nicholl*

*Jack Nicholl works for The Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy. He urges readers supporting the Transfer Amendment to write their members of Congress and the Coalition at 120 Maryland Ave. N.E., Washington, DC 20002.*



## (FOREIGN POLICY)

*Editor's Note: The following document, entitled "Draft Fireside Chat on Foreign Policy," was found January 21, 1977, in a wastebasket of the building that had served as Carter transition headquarters in Plains, Georgia.*

I am talking to you tonight, my fellow Americans, about our foreign policy. As you know, I have promised to bring good management and common sense to every area of our government, and I have been thinking a good deal about what this means for our foreign relations.

As a farmer, scientist and former Naval officer, I have had no more time than the rest of you to become a so-called expert in foreign policy. But it does seem plain to me that something is very wrong

## SECRETARY OF STATE



Carter's Choice



Mother Jones' Choice

**Carter's:** *Cyrus Vance. An archetypal member of the U.S. foreign policy elite, Vance has floated smoothly back and forth over the years between Washington and his New York corporate law offices. He killed two birds with one stone after the 1965 U.S. invasion of the Dominican Republic, when L.B.J. sent him there to arrange peace on our terms. Gulf and Western, which virtually owns the island, was a principal client of Vance's law firm.*

**Mother Jones:** *Richard Barnet. While Vance was serving multinational corporations in and out of government, Barnet was analyzing how they control international politics in his classic book, *Global Reach*. Deeply committed to dismantling America's overseas empire, Barnet had State Department experience under President Kennedy.*

about the way we conduct our business with the world. In the last quarter century we have spent over a trillion dollars on all kinds of weapons for ourselves and others. Yet today we seem less secure, with fewer friends, than when we started. In the process we have almost destroyed some countries in order to save them, secretly bought and controlled governments in the name of preserving freedom and changed from what FDR called the arsenal of democracy into an arsenal of dictatorship.

The experts' answer to this mess is that foreign policy is a complicated matter. Now, I don't think that all foreign policy questions are simple. But I don't believe, either, that we need to abandon our principles.

So, tonight I want to tell you about the kind of foreign policy I have in mind.

Our goals in the world are going to be simple and very clear. We want nothing more than the chance to be secure from foreign domination or attack while we concentrate most of our resources on creating a more humane society for ourselves. America's greatest force in the world is its example. So there is no more urgent foreign policy than the undone tasks of social and economic reform here

at home.

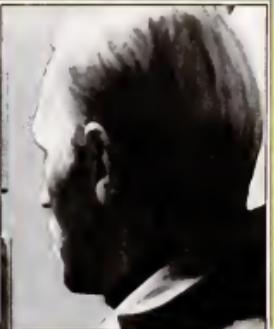
In the rest of the world, that example should put us on the side of political freedom and economic justice everywhere. But we will no longer be so arrogant as to believe that we can force those goals on others with money or guns. Whenever human rights are violated, we will protest. But after we have set our example and said our piece, we will interfere no further.

Now, you will say, there is always that hard problem of the Russians. But I wonder if we can't treat them pretty much as we treat other nations, and as we expect to be treated ourselves. So my foreign policy is simple here, too. We will bargain hard and fast with the Russians to get rid of the nuclear weapons that are suicidal, and the defense budgets that are two or three times larger than our legitimate needs. We will set an example for Moscow by initiating cuts in our own defense spending and strategic arsenal. And we will hold them to the same standards of human rights that we expect everywhere else. If half our nuclear weapons disappeared tomorrow and the Russians doubled theirs, we would still have enough to destroy the Soviet Union many times over. We know that. They

## DIRECTOR OF CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE



Carter's Choice



Mother Jones' Choice

**Carter's:** *Admiral Stansfield Turner. Ironically, this career officer from the most reactionary branch of the armed forces may be one of Carter's better appointments. He doesn't believe the Russians will be in New York harbor if we don't build more warships, and for a Naval officer, that's heresy. We wish him well.*

**Mother Jones':** *Deep Throat. What deck is complete without a wild card? Deep Throat has one thing a good CIA director needs: he knows when to keep a secret and when to tell all. These days the CIA needs more telling all. Our first assignment for Throat: meet Jamaican Prime Minister Manley in a Kingston parking garage and finger the U.S. and British operatives behind the CIA's current "destabilization" campaign against Manley's socialist government.*

know that, I don't think we can reasonably expect the Soviet Union anytime to declare a free election or to disarm; there is too much fear and pain and distrust in that country's sad history. But we can expect the Communists to do what they have done since their Revolution: to follow their own best interests. Peace, arms control and getting along with us are all in their best interests. In many ways—as a relatively poor country still struggling to develop its economy and as a squalid little ruling-class dictatorship struggling to keep down internal dissent—the Soviets have more to lose than we do if we both stay in the old insanity of the arms race.

We'll have to start this new foreign policy with some specific changes:

First, I'm cutting the CIA and foreign service staffs in half and providing for the infusion of fresh talent into both, so that we'll have pretty near a total turnover in the next eight years. The best way to get a new foreign policy is to get new people. The old ones don't believe in a new policy to begin with.

Second, I'm limiting government secrecy to the codes that are absolutely essential to our military survival and to

the diplomatic secrets other governments insist we keep. Everything else is going to be open for you to know and debate and stop if necessary. Please note that this rules out all covert CIA operations, which would be entirely inconsistent with our policy of non-interference.

Third, I'm declaring an embargo on all arms sold or given by us to other countries. Our embargo won't stop wars or repression, but it will stop our complicity in them, and it will set an example, which, I repeat, is what this new foreign policy is all about.

Fourth, I'm issuing executive orders strictly controlling U.S. corporations abroad, prohibiting them from practicing apartheid in South Africa or sweatshop conditions in Latin America or discrimination against Jews or others because of someone else's bigotry. My power here is plain. Most of the huge multinational corporations do major business with the U.S. government, especially the Pentagon. If they want to keep those contracts, they'll have to uphold abroad the same standards of economic and social justice we expect here at home. These businesses are now America's chief example in much of the world; the ex-

ample they now set is a disgrace.

Fifth, I'm going to hold my senior foreign policy officials to a code of international accountability as strict as any domestic code for financial standards. I mean that anybody in my administration who engages in assassination plots, undeclared wars, illegal bombing or other hobbies of past administrations is going to be fired on the spot and prosecuted if I can get Congress to pass a law.

Sixth, speaking of Congress, I'm going to do all I can to strengthen the foreign policy powers the House and Senate have so mindlessly abdicated over the years. I want them to have strong committees with wide investigative powers. I want their advice and consent to be knowledgeable and open. Congressional ignorance only leaves me dependent on the existing foreign policy establishment of bureaucrats and corporate executives. It also makes members of Congress all the nastier when they do find out eventually, as they always do, that they've been had.

Those are some of the steps I'm taking. They are only a beginning. They will not change foreign policy overnight. You will not see any dazzling transformations. But if you think about it, you will see that these reforms could make a big difference, and that. . . .

*Editor's Note: The text ends at this point. There are indecipherable marks in the margin. The document was evidently left behind when the Carter staff moved to Washington.*

—Roger Morris

*Roger Morris served on the National Security Council staff until the Cambodian invasion of 1970. He is the author of a forthcoming book on Henry Kissinger.*



## (CONSERVING ENERGY)

**June 14, 1977**—President Carter's Department of Energy is approved by Congress. The new department will consolidate now-diffused government energy authority and will draw up immediate five-year goals and a longer 20-year plan. In place of President Ford's "Project Independence," the new plan is dubbed by the press "Operation Survival."

James Schlesinger is approved by the Senate as department head by a four-vote margin. Senate and environmental critics voice grave fears that his appoint-

## MOTHER JONES

ment will augur full-scale development of nuclear power, unrestrained strip mining of coal-rich Western states and neglect of solar and conservation alternatives. Schlesinger, at the Senate hearings, denies the charges, stating he will pursue "a balanced policy designed to meet the needs of both economic growth and resource conservation."

**September 18, 1977**—War breaks out in the Middle East. The Iranians are at odds with the Saudis over Saudi refusal to raise oil prices to OPEC levels. The Iranian Air Force, flying U.S.-built Phantoms and F-4 fighters, strikes in predawn raids at Saudi Arabia's massive Ghawani Fields, as well as at offshore islands, where Saudi crude is pumped into supertankers. Three supertankers—two Japanese, one Liberian—are sunk. Initial estimates indicate that Saudi production capacity, which had been running at ten million barrels per day, has been 80 per cent destroyed.

**September 23, 1977**—President Carter declares a state of emergency in a televised nationwide broadcast. He announces that men from the Army Corps of Engineers are being flown into the Middle East, and special air and sea lifts of pipe and pumping equipment are on the way. Japan, France and West Germany also rush men and supplies to the scene. The Common Market countries ban private auto use. Europe and Japan severely ration fuel.

**October 5, 1977**—The President announces to a joint session of Congress that he will order Alaskan oil shipped to Japan, since the Japanese are 90 per cent dependent on imported oil and have only three months of fuel supplies on hand; he declares Japan's economic survival "essential to U.S. security." Carter also abandons plans to de-regulate domestic oil and gas prices and calls upon heads of America's major oil companies to begin full-scale production from all domestic capacity.

**December 1977-January 1978**—The winter is even more severe than the '76-'77 winter. The Department of Energy draws up regional allocation plans immediately. In some parts of the Northeast, only doctors and other special categories of people are allowed to drive private cars.

**December 15, 1977**—The price of international oil has now risen to \$21 a barrel; the stock market, after its slow 1977 recovery, has still not recovered its three-day, 200-point loss after the Middle East War.

Charles Schultze, chairperson of the Council of Economic Advisors, announces that the government will initiate massive federal outlays to prevent skyrocketing unemployment and business closure. He repeats President Carter's assurances that Middle Eastern production will be fully restored by mid-March and that America's own reserves will carry the nation through the winter. However, he expresses "grave concern" about recovery of the international economy. The federal deficit, he says, will exceed \$135 billion.

**January 15, 1978**—The Supreme Court upholds an appeals decision in the Westinghouse case, a vote of six to three. Westinghouse had filed suit in the fall of 1976, charging that an international cartel of uranium producers had conspired to fix prices, forcing Westinghouse to default on multi-billion-dollar nuclear fuel supply contracts to 27 utility companies. Two weeks later, Westinghouse makes the court decision moot: it announces that it is leaving the nuclear plant field, citing corporate financial difficulties and the "current economic unfeasibility" of nuclear power.

**February 1, 1978**—Ralph Nader, in a

press conference, hails the decision as "a victory not for environmentalists, but for this and all future generations of Americans." He predicts that G.E. and other companies still in the field will soon follow suit. Secretary of Energy Schlesinger, however, announces that "nuclear power is essential to the survival of the American economy," and says his department will present Congress with a \$65 billion plan for the continued subsidy of nuclear power.

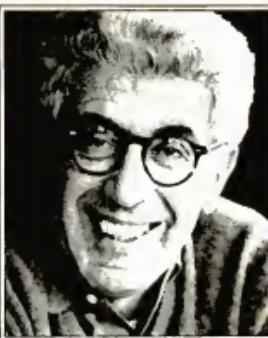
**March-June, 1978**—In unprecedented (and unexpected) moves, the Congress, by narrow margins, passes two separate bills, despite strenuous opposition lobbying by industry and the Department of Energy. The bills pass in the wake of disclosures that, despite Presidential appeals, the energy companies had been withholding full-scale production, hoping to force de-regulation of prices that still stand well below international levels, despite restoration of Middle Eastern supplies.

1. The new federal Solar Energy Development Corporation will take over all solar research and development and begin construction of massive federally owned solar collectors in the Southwest.

## ENERGY CHIEF



Carter's Choice



Mother Jones' Choice

Photo by Roger Heile

**Carter's:** James Schlesinger. A recycled Vietnam-er, Schlesinger served Nixon and Ford heading the CIA, the Atomic Energy Commission and the Defense Department. He was bad news in all three jobs: a vigorous Cold Warrior at Defense and the CIA, and an unrestrained backer for nuclear power—particularly the dangerous new breeder reactor—at the AEC.

**Mother Jones':** Barry Commoner. A pioneering ecologist long before the science was in vogue, Commoner has lately turned his attention to energy. His analysis is boldly socialist: as long as American society keeps making its decisions on the basis of private profit, as opposed to social profit, we're going to be stuck with energy-gobbling monstrosities like petroleum-based fertilizers and high-compression automobiles.

## MOTHER JONES

Pilot projects in California's Mojave Desert, funded by the government but administered by Southern California Edison, have demonstrated both the economic and technical feasibility if done on a large enough scale. Other parts of the bill provide federal loans and tax credits for housing insulation, improved heating systems and solar heat collectors for office buildings and apartment complexes. The bill authorizes \$35 billion over three years. Experts predict that solar energy will supply more than 25 per cent of America's needs by 1985. Professor Barry Commoner is appointed chief commissioner of the corporation.

2. The Emergency Energy Conservation Act mandates that Detroit begin producing cars by 1981 that will run on 50 miles per gallon, as well as meeting tough new pollution standards. The new cars can easily attain the standards if they have low-compression engines that don't accelerate as fast as current cars. Auto marketing executives are worried, but highway safety officials are pleased.

(American Motors, the smallest U.S. auto producer, announces that it cannot meet such requirements and will suspend production entirely. In a surprise move, the United Auto Workers opens negotiations for purchase of the company, citing its own feasibility studies and the impact closing would have on union employment. It appeals for federal loan guarantees to back purchase of the company.)

**October 18, 1978**—An assassin attempts to kill President Carter during a speech in Los Angeles. The would-be assassin and one Secret Service agent are killed; two others are wounded. The would-be assassin, an unemployed plumber from San Clemente with a history of mental instability, leaves behind a tape recording accusing the President and Congress of "leading the country down the road to communism and totalitarianism."

**December 2, 1978**—Secretary of Energy Schlesinger resigns, refusing to comment on his reasons. According to unidentified aides, however, *The Washington Post* says that Schlesinger saw his views as "irreconcilable" with the President's, and feared that "the free enterprise system (was) being destroyed" by Congressional fiat. Three days later, the head of the Solar Energy Development Corporation, Barry Commoner, is named Secretary of Energy.

**January 15, 1979**—President Carter, citing the continuing high inflation rate

and ongoing petroleum shortages, announces he will initiate legislation designed to move the country away from heavy dependence on petrochemicals in agriculture, manufacturing and consumer goods. Agricultural price supports for cotton, wool and other natural fibers, plus high new taxes on synthetic fabrics, will, he says, help return us to "a less capital-intensive, less energy-intensive way of life." Petrochemical fertilizer use will be curtailed and new lands opened to cultivation to offset production declines. He predicts that food prices, which have been rising steadily, can thus be stabilized within a four- or five-year period.

He also announces planned changes in interstate freight rates to encourage use of trains in place of costly long-distance truck hauling. Competing airlines on some routes are forced to coordinate their schedules and cut flights. "It's nonsense having two 747s leaving New York for San Francisco at 9 a.m., each half full," says Carter.

**June 18, 1979**—Secretary Commoner, speaking before the Senate Natural Resources Committee, calls upon Congress to create a federal trust to take control of mining rights, ground-water rights and other essential natural resources in order to provide "a rational—and urgent—reallocation of America's dwindling non-renewable natural resources."

**September 18, 1979**—The National Institutes of Health announces findings linking cancer to the spread of petrochemicals in foods and industrial use. It estimates that 60,000 cancer deaths annually can be traced to the use of such chemicals and calls for a comprehensive ban on further production, with a three-year phase-out of more than 2,800 chemical substances.

**February 18, 1980**—Twenty-four top executives of four major oil companies are convicted of conspiring to bribe members of Congress through a complex trail of Swiss and Caribbean bank accounts, dummed expenses and promises of legal and consulting contracts. The amount exceeds \$40 million. Eighteen representatives and senators will begin separate trials shortly.

*The New York Times*, which has broken the scandal, calls it the "most massive and venal in American history." An editorial calls upon Congress to nationalize the oil corporations, citing past failures of regulation and antitrust measures.

*The Times* says, "The American peo-

ple can no longer afford either the corruption that these giant corporations spawn or the continued dependence on petroleum. Our survival depends on both honesty in relations and public control of resources vital to our continued existence. We have reached the end of an era in America."

—Richard Parker

Richard Parker wrote "Let's Make a Deal," the cover story on *Mobil Oil* for the September/October Mother Jones.



## GOOD HOUSING

Patricia Harris, Secretary  
Department of Housing and Urban  
Development  
Washington, DC 20410

Dear Ms. Harris:

When you were appointed you got a lot of guff from senators and the press because you lack a housing background. But not knowing much about the housing programs you administer is a virtue. For the most part they're worthless.

America's housing problem is less a problem of slums (although there are still too many people living in them) than one of money. Quite simply, an ever larger proportion of the country's citizens cannot afford decent housing. Anybody who has tried to buy a house recently knows this. Now only one-third of American families can afford to buy an average new, single-family home (today's price: \$50,000), compared to two-thirds in 1950. "Used" homes are hardly cheaper. On the day I am writing this letter, a newspaper story reports a California developer's speech to the National Association of Home Builders, predicting that within the next decade families will be doubling up to afford a house. Nearly ten million (42 per cent) of renter households pay more than 25 per cent of their income for rent; nearly six million of these pay at least 35 per cent.

For most of us, the homes we live in are by far the most expensive consumer item we will ever use or own. The market price of our apartments or homes is usually two to three times our annual incomes. That price is generally paid through a mortgage (paid off directly if

one is an owner, indirectly if a renter). But unlike almost all other goods, housing usually does not lose value; when you resell it, you almost always get more than you paid for it.

Thus, each time an apartment building or home is sold, the new owner needs a mortgage loan for a larger amount, and usually (because of inflation) at a higher interest rate. If I were to sell the 85-year-old home I bought four years ago, I could get about two and a half times what I paid for it, and the new owner's mortgage would be at a two per cent higher interest rate. The new owner's monthly housing costs would be two to three times mine—for the identical house. But, despite my "profit," I wouldn't be much better off: I would have to re-enter that same inflated housing market to buy or rent new quarters. So who benefits from all this? Right—the lending institutions and housing speculators. In other words, those for whom housing is a *commodity*, not something to use.

But what if the expenses for building housing had to be paid for only once? Then our housing costs would be limited to utilities, insurance, property taxes and maintenance. Since repaying mortgage principal and paying interest (plus profit for owners of rental housing) account for 50 to 60 per cent of the country's housing bill, the result would be a drastic, and permanent, decrease in housing costs for everyone.

As may be obvious if you've stayed with me this far, Secretary Harris, this can be done only by removing housing ownership from the profit sector.

Basically, the government would pay for the building of new housing, though private builders would still do the construction on a fee basis. For the existing housing stock, the government would pay off present mortgages over time and compensate owners for the equity (savings) they have in their buildings. Compensation of owners for their equity would be done by long-term bonds, so as to spread the federal budgetary impact over several decades.

Once this buy-out was completed, and all new construction being financed by government funds, the result would be a permanent 50 per cent or larger reduction in housing costs for society as a whole. And for those still unable to afford the remaining housing costs, subsidies would be given to make sure families were not robbing their food, clothing and medical budgets to pay for housing. (Of course, if everyone had a decent income

## SECRETARY OF H.U.D.



Dow Jones/Block Sys

Carter's Choice



Wide World Photos

Mother Jones' Choice

**Carter's:** Patricia Roberts Harris. Harris's background bodes ill: stints as a director at IBM, the Chase Manhattan Bank and a scandal-tainted union bank, and as a tough-on-students law school dean. She told one interviewer that the U.S. should abandon "the whole notion of public housing."

**Mother Jones':** Jane Jacobs. Jacobs is, simply, our era's most original thinker on the American city. Her ideas spawned a whole generation of freeway-fighting activists. In no political tradition but her own, Jacobs might not agree with Chester Hartman's housing plan beginning on the opposite page. But in her pioneering research on what makes for a vibrant city community, she laid the groundwork for that special concern for neighborhood life American progressives take for granted today.

to begin with, we could do away with special housing subsidies.)

While this plan abolishes private ownership of housing with respect to the right to make a profit, all the other "perks" of ownership would remain—most notably, the right to not get kicked out of your home. Renters now don't have that right at all, and owners, under the new plan, would have more secure tenure, since the subsidy system would eliminate the present threat of having a mortgage foreclosed if the owner gets sick or loses a job. Another key ingredient of the plan: decisions on where and how to build new buildings or renovate old ones must be made at the local and neighborhood level. We have enough federal bureaucracy already.

Well, that's it in a nutshell, Ms. Harris. The housing programs your vast HUD bureaucracy now oversees are all designed to fit right into the current system. Under some programs, for example, HUD subsidizes whatever is the going mortgage interest rate: if it's nine per cent, the feds will sink in hundreds of millions of dollars to decrease individual mortgages down to as low as one per cent, a neat subsidy to lenders.

Your Congressional critics are going to complain that the program I'm talking about will cost a lot of money. They're right. But most of the program (the buying up of existing housing stock and mortgage indebtedness) is a one-time expense. Spread it out over a decade or two and it might come to about \$50 billion a year—a sum easily obtainable by making the military budget cuts Jack Nicholl describes in his article on page 32. We can further meet the cost by heavily taxing higher-income people who choose to live in houses of well-above-average quality. But the vast majority of us will be permanently better off if mortgages and interest are completely eliminated.

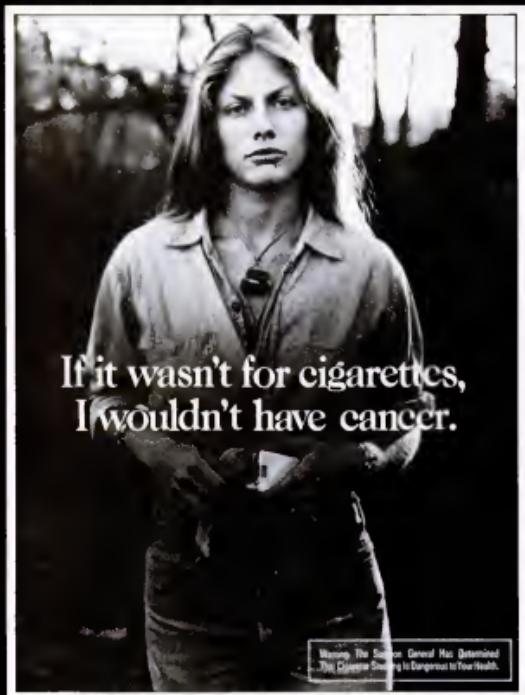
One other thing, Ms. Harris: once your Cabinet colleagues see how much better things are when housing is designed for use, not profit, you should suggest that they look into applying that lesson to other areas of national life.

Sincerely,  
Chester Hartman

Chester Hartman is an urban planner and the author of four books on housing and city planning.

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## JOHN WIMSATT

HOME: Ann Arbor, Michigan

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Communist Philosopher, Essayist, Short Story Writer, Poet

HOBBIES: Tobacco, Coffee, Conversation, Wine, Music

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: The realization that the American working class came into existence as a concretely organic totality in 1945, and that the American bourgeoisie has waged a vigorous counter-revolution ever since.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOKS: Sartre's *L'Etre et Neant* and *La Critique de la Raison Dialectique*, and Marx's *Das Kapital* (6 Volumes)

QUOTE: "If you have character enough to have a nervous breakdown, then you should have intelligence enough to recover."

PROFILE: Intense and in perpetual turmoil, he is sensitive to the ever changing winds of anti-communism. In his work, he tries to demystify the distorted reflections of the national and international class struggles of the proletariat propagated by the bourgeois media.

SCOTCH: No, Jugoslav.

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**The Association of Pharmaceutical Manufacturers**

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in one week...**



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in one year.**

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*Media Accountability*



Glen T. Jones riding a dark horse. Without his presence, Congressional opposition to the Cold War should have been a cakewalk without a rel.

# Remembering Glen Taylor

The Singing Cowboy Who Went to the Senate and Came Home to Sell Toupees . . . by Peter Collier

WITH THE 30TH anniversary of the Truman Doctrine approaching, the former singing cowboy Senator from Idaho and running mate to Henry A. Wallace in the apocalypse of 1948 pauses for a minute to rummage through the front section of the San Francisco *Chronicle* in search of an illustration. "There, see what I mean?" he points a long, spatulate finger at a wire service report of South Korean influence-buying in Washington. "The chickens coming home to roost. This is a direct result of stuff that got started when the gang around Truman was getting us to support every two-bit dictator in the world, and making one—setting him up in business from scratch—when there wasn't any naturally available."

The thought causes him to draw thick brows together and glower. He takes a sip of coffee, swishes it quickly like a shot of Listerine, swallows and reaches for a cigarette. Ripping off the filter, he lights up, smoking without inhaling like the cigar smoker he is—puffing and then holding it off at arm's length to watch the mesmeric ash accumulate, inscribing small circles with the glowing end to give his stories rotundity and his enemies definition. For Frank Church, he flicks two fingers below his hairline as if removing a forelock impeding sight and bats his eyes and does a horse-lipped smile; for Robert Taft he slits the mouth in sanctimony and sets the upper spine into a smug unyielding column.

Occasionally the compact body conspires in the theatrics. When discussing Harry Truman, he squares off to become

myopic, flat-dictioned, monotonously truculent. "It is beyond understanding that this man has become some kind of goddamned folk hero. As far as I'm concerned, he was a nothing. Not a bad fellow, but a nothing. It was his kick-in-the-groin attack on our campaign that established the tone for McCarthy, Nixon and all the rest to start in with their red-baiting. It was his policies that got us into this world's-policeman business. I liked the old bastard, but I don't think he was very bright. I remember a time in 1947 when I went to his office to try to get him to consider some kind of overture to the Soviets—something, anything to get us off the collision course. Three times in the ten minutes I was there he said, 'All the Russians understand is force.' Three times! Just like some god-damned parrot in a cage."

One floor down from this flat, which he built by himself in the '50s—his dog days and the nation's—delivery trucks stop at the rear door of his warehouse, idling until packages are received and then departing in a burst of exhaust. Occasionally Taylor rises to go to the window and look out, his thoughts floating down from the Manicheanism of global conflict to the innovation being produced below: a plastic shell with hair on it that took him from a pauper-victim to a life of modest wealth and also revolutionized the toupee industry.

"You know, for centuries people put hair into netting and then tried to keep it on their heads. That's what toupees amounted to until I came along. Problem was that this rag got all sweaty;

when that happened, well hell, man, let's face it: the damned thing got to smelling too. It flopped around. That's why they cemented them down. Lord, I've seen plenty poor devils who had to wash their heads with acetone to get the spirit gum off. Acetone! Then the Taylor Topper came along. It's got little pads to make it ride up off the scalp so air can circulate. It doesn't absorb moisture..."

He despairs of doing it justice through words. ". . . Well, hell, I might as well demonstrate . . ." He reaches fingers up to the temples of the mane of white hair and takes it off with the sudden ceremony of a gentleman doffing a bowler. It produces a momentary change in character similar to when a former linebacker disengages front bridgework and pushes it out on his tongue. He points to the perforations in the pink packing beneath the artificial scalp in which the hair (from Sicily, the only remaining country in Europe where this human commodity is still farmed) is thickly embedded. "This is what does it. We contour it to the head by making a plaster cast. See, it can breathe!" He replaces the hairpiece, magically reassembling his face.

All this is accomplished with a certain flair, the wedgewood eyes searching the guest's face to calculate the effect. For at the age of 72, Glen Taylor is what he has always been—a showman. This quality was his political glory and downfall, the reason he has been dismissed as a clown, an oddment of Americana. Yet for him, history is merely the victors' record of their conquest. The truth is something else. Although far from ob-

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sesed with self-vindication, he has kept a storehouse of clippings and memorabilia recalling that he was (in Dean Acheson's unintentionally revealing phrase) present at the creation; part of a small group whose views were silenced and whose ideas were sent to that deep space reserved for heresy. On March 9, 1945, when FDR was not yet back from Yalta, Taylor told the Pocatello Tribune that we must "stop trying to support phony governments in places like Indo-China." As the Cold War began sending a permafrost down into the entire culture, he sullied what the *New Republic* said was an otherwise perfect "liberal" voting record by saying no to the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the peacetime draft and NATO. Without him Congressional opposition to the lockstep development of bipartisan foreign policy would certainly have been a cause without a rebel. "I don't feel too bad about what happened to me," he says, rustling the newspaper with a grim satisfaction. "I thought what I was doing at the time was right, and every day there's something to make me feel I wasn't just deluding myself."

Glen Taylor's political career may have been the most unusual in modern American history, a Frank Capra fantasy ending in dark seriousness. It might be said to have begun on a day in 1932 when Taylor, then 28, was barnstorming with his cowboy band through an un-

remembered Idaho town. He happened to stop at the local lending library and pick up a book called *The People's Corporation* by King C. Gillette. It was a hard read for someone who had only six years of formal education. There had been no time for learning. His family had been on the road much of the time since his birth. His father, John Taylor (later known as "Pleasant John"), had seen that it would be impossible to feed his 13 children by farming the family homestead on the banks of the Clearwater River, and had taken up the ministry. Moving through the Rocky Mountain states in a covered wagon, he delivered the message to roistering towns that hadn't quite realized that the West had been settled, baptizing sinners in frog ponds and rain barrels, cutting holes in the ice to allow them to be born again in the winter.

"Papa was constantly shocked by the honky-tonking atmosphere in these little Silver Rush towns," Taylor says. "He used to tell us, 'If they're half as generous in contributing to the Lord as they are in buying their way to Hell, this family won't have no problem.' But people didn't show up at his meetings. Finally Papa got disgusted and said, 'Alright, if those goddamned sinners don't want to hear me preach, they can go to Hell!'"

During Pleasant John's short calling, the whole family had joined in as part of the tent show, working as background

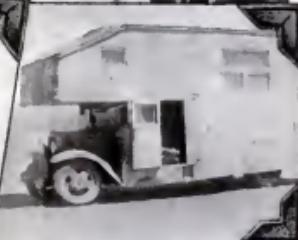
singers and performers in tableaux illustrating the moral precept under discussion. Now they became the Taylor Players, troup ing with considerable success through the same towns that had not heeded the Word. One of their showstoppers was a rendition, in multi-part harmony, of a song made popular by the proliferation of the telephone: "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven, 'Cause Momma's Up There Now."

By the time he was a teenager, Glen Taylor was an experienced entertainer, spinning on an axis from Oregon to Wyoming, his good looks gaining him the lead parts in the melodramas, his deep voice carrying without amplification. In 1928, he had met his future wife and partner, Dora, in a Great Falls, Montana, theater where he was appearing in *Rose Marie*. She too was stage-struck, and after their marriage they formed a group called the Glendora Ranch Gang, living in the back of a truck in a makeshift camper-like enclosure, and carrying vaudeville to the Western circuit.

It was about this time that he got a



Glen and Dora in 1930. He played romantic leads. She was stage-struck, too.



They toured the Western circuit bringing vaudeville to the Rockies and lived in a plywood house built on top of an old Ford truck.

"Oh, we like that mountain music . . ."



The Glendora Ranch Gang in 1938. Arod—Dora spelled backwards—sang soprano.

copy of *The People's Corporation*, in which Gillette, safety-razor mogul turned social reformer, proposed that the nation could work its way out of the Depression by converting to "production for use"—in effect becoming a giant corporation devoted to production, with every citizen an automatic stockholder guaranteed enough purchasing power to obtain the necessities of life. Taylor recalls it making perfect sense to someone who had seen the hopelessness of the small towns of the West. "I thought to myself, 'Well, goddam it, that's right! Why the hell should people have to go hungry in the middle of all this plenty?'"

Touring the Rockies, occasionally helping farmer-labor parties to organize, he tried to make ends meet by doing odd jobs and cadging local Grange halls to perform in rent-free. He supplemented Gillette's politics with Stuart Chase and others. He thought of himself as a New Dealer. In 1936 he was in the small town of Driggs, Idaho, just outside of Jackson Hole, trying to secure an auditorium for a future appearance. But the only auditorium in town was already booked—by the state's popular three-term governor, C. Ben Ross. Taylor stopped in to watch, fascinated by the way "Cowboy Ben" walked up and down the aisles "working" the crowd. It was an epiphany almost as strong as that provided by Gillette's ideas about production for use.

"I couldn't believe it. Ben knew everybody's name, and knew just what to say

to each one. He'd come up to some ole boy and say, 'Well now Billy, been a long time. How you doin', anyway?'

"Fine, Governor, just fine."

"That's good. Know what, Billy?" Ben would stop for a minute and scratch his head. "I don't believe I seen you since we put in that nice new road down by your place last spring."

"No sir, guess not." Billy would be beaming at this point.

"Well, you know the big money boys, they tried to stop us, but old Ben got it done. Yes, sir, we saved you a heap of money on that job. We didn't forget you on that one, did we? No sir, old Ben didn't forget his friends."

"I sat there watching and it dawned on me: whatever else he was or wasn't, this Ben Ross was one hell of an actor putting on one hell of a show for these people. Then the thought began to form: now if he can do this and get elected, I can too. Ben is good, but dammit he's just an amateur. I'm a professional."

On the drive back home that night, he formulated plans to run for Congress. When he woke his sleeping wife and told her that he planned to invest their puny savings account in his political debut, her response was unhesitating: "You've got to be crazy!"

Adding a four-by-ten platform to the top of the small apartment on the back of the truck and buying cheap sound equipment, he began campaigning through the small towns of Idaho. The

routine began by "warming" the crowd with music by his cowboy band. (He had mastered the guitar and banjo over the years; Dora played the piano and trombone; their four-year-old son Arod—the name was Taylor's idea, Dora spelled backwards—sang in a tremulous soprano.) Once people had gathered, he began preaching the gospel according to King C. Gillette.

Meanwhile, he established a permanent residence in Pocatello and began to present a daily half-hour show over station KSEI, beginning with the theme song: "Oh, we like that mountain music, good old mountain music, played by the old Glendora Band." The professionals, of course, found it humorous. The Pocatello *Tribune* reported: "Glen Taylor, handsome stage and radio entertainer, who with his wife is co-owner of the Glendora Players, just rolled into the office togged out like Tom Mix and announced he is also a candidate for Congress. There is a colored gent in the woodpile someplace."

Taylor finished fourth in a field of eight. When Senator William Borah died in office the next year, Taylor immediately announced that he was a candidate to fill out the unexpired term. Calling for a "national plan [according to a surviving transcript of a speech delivered that spring] the object of which would be to produce plenty for all the people and less profits for the few," he found that he was becoming a cult hero to some people in the state. The experience of the 1940 campaign lingers in his smiling recollection of the way one could survive when young: living out of the truck; stopping to catch fish for dinner and cook them over the campfire; sometimes relying on the canned goods Dora had put up, supplemented by hard-boiled eggs.

Taylor beat two more conventional Democrats, winning the nomination in a political upset that sent seismic grumblings through the Party structure and led some newspapers to call for the repeal of the state's recently enacted direct primary law. During the general election, establishment Democrats teamed with Republicans to paint Taylor's populist ideas a deep red; he lost by 14,000 votes.

Undaunted, he immediately began campaigning for 1942 (his quixotic quest was aided by circumstances making for three Senate elections over a six-year period). Because of gasoline rationing, he decided to campaign on a trim Arabian gelding named Ranger and sent out

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press releases on penny post cards to keep the hostile, but curious, newspapers advised of his progress. At one stop his communiqué read: "Lacerated right palm opening barbed-wire gate to farmer's lane. Unable to shake hands for two days. Can think of no worse calamity to befall a candidate." Running against three other Democrats who spent their time chivvying each other to pull out and close ranks against the "Taylor threat," he again won the primary. When he lost the general election it was by only about 4,000 votes.

He campaigned in 1944 by seriously courting labor for the first time and mailing out a brochure that concluded: "My sole interest in politics is to help bring about a more stable economic system and to do what I can to prevent further wars by removing the causes, chief of which is International Competition for markets and raw materials by corporations and cartels."

Taylor's effort to unseat incumbent Democratic Senator D. Worth Clark, whose family controlled the state's most efficient political machine, was aided by two things: an oratorical style, matchless east of the Mississippi, and considerable personal appeal. (Charisma, it would later be called once it had been shown that its chief elements could be synthetically produced.) It was at this point that politics and hair first intersected. Taylor had grown used to being called "the handsome cowboy singer" and similar terms, and it was with considerable worry that he realized that this part of his image was in deep jeopardy as a result of his baldness.

When younger, he had tried the patent remedies of the day: Glover's Mange Cure, Sloan's Liniment, even a friend's straight-faced prescription of fresh chicken manure. Deciding that he had an incurable disease, he decided to learn to live with it. But then it became a political liability.

"I noticed that as long as I was up on top of the truck with my ten-gallon hat on, the gals seemed to be well pleased. They would ogle me, talk to one another behind their hands, nudge each other and make it very plain that they weren't at all displeased with this singing cowboy. But then, when the meeting was over and I climbed down to shake hands and politely removed my hat to the ladies, thereby exposing my balding head, I saw the look that crossed their faces: *Yuck!*"

Taylor reached a crisis of sorts when

he was on the campaign trail and stopped for gas. Returning with some soda pop, he offered to pay the attendant but was waved off: "That's okay, your daughter already took care of it." It was his wife Dora to whom the attendant referred. "Well, you can imagine that I turned that vehicle right around and headed back toward Pocatello! Dora asked what I was doing. I said I was going home to make me a head of hair. She asked how come. I said, 'Well, if I look old enough to be your father it's no wonder I can't get myself elected.'"

Stopping at a dime store, he bought a couple of switches of hair, went home, asked Dora to call campaign stops and say that he had the flu, and then set to work. He conscripted a pair of his wife's panties, cut a patch the size of his head, then did the same with a piece of flesh-colored felt. Then Dora began sewing the individual hairs into this form. Meanwhile, he took her only bread pan and began shaping the aluminum over an anvil with a ball-peen hammer so it fit his head, drilled it full of holes for ventilation, cut small pads of leather from his belt so it would ride up off his head and cemented the "scalp" to it.

Sporting a luxuriant head of hair—his opposition was so obsessed with his radical ideas that they missed an opportunity to subject him to fatal ridicule—he hit the trail again, beat Clark in the primary and rode FDR's coattails to a 5,000-vote victory in the general election. He bought a secondhand car and set out for Washington with his family (augmented over the years by two more sons, P.J. and Gregory). They stretched a board from front seat to back to carry their pots and pans and bedding, and let the kids ride in the cavity below. His major hope was that the bald tires would hold up for the 2,000-mile journey.

When he arrived, his colleagues decided to treat him like the buffoon that advance word from Idaho had made him out to be. With wartime housing tight, he asked for advice on where to live. Someone suggested that he alert the media that he was going to appear in cowboy concert on Capitol Hill. He did. With camera whirring and a bramble of microphones in front of him, he and Dora and the children accompanied themselves to an improvised song sung to the melody of "Home on the Range".

Oh, give us a home, near the Capitol Dome  
And a yard where the children can play . . .

In one of those odd foretastes of fate, Taylor delivered his maiden speech in support of the man with whom he would later stake his political future. He had followed from afar the maneuvering of the 1944 convention, which ended in Henry Wallace's being removed from the ticket. The coalition of Southern Bourbons and big city bosses opposing Wallace, who, with the exception of FDR himself, embodied the principles of the New Deal more clearly than any other individual, had been headed by oilman Edwin Pauley and national Democratic Party head Bob Hannegan. (A product of the Pendergast machine, like Harry S Truman, Hannegan later remarked that he would be pleased to have his epitaph read: *Here lies the man who kept Henry Wallace from being President.*)

Reading the future in Roosevelt's gray and sagging features, they had moved in like cormorants, understanding that they were naming not only the next Vice President but almost certainly the next President as well. Despite the fact that polls showed Wallace to be the choice of some 65 per cent of all Democrats, they managed to badger the preoccupied Roosevelt into saying he would accept either William O. Douglas or Truman.

Wallace was still a favorite of the Party's liberal wing, and FDR, whose genius it was never to allow anyone to go away from his table hungry, offered him the position of Secretary of Commerce. But his entrenched enemies moved to block the nomination, or at least so paralyze the office that it would allow Wallace no leverage to maneuver for his program of full employment and the relationship with the developing world that enemies derided as "a quart of milk for every Hottentot" (to which Wallace responded piquantly: "Better a quart of milk than a quart of blood"). In supporting the former Vice President, Taylor served notice that he did not intend to be court jester to the Democratic caucus: "I would rather have Henry Wallace, with all his idealism and love of mankind—which seems to be a crime in the eyes of some—than one of those fierce troglodyte animals with tremendous power and no social brains."

Although some, such as Robert Taft, never quite got over the blow to caste at having an "Okie" in the Senate, Taylor won the grudging admiration of most of his colleagues. On domestic issues, he was in the vanguard of the Fair Deal, voting to keep the Office of Price Administration in operation and filibustering

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against Taft-Hartley. He fought single-handedly to keep Mississippi's racist demagogue Theodore Gilmore Bilbo (one of whose more moderate statements about blacks was directed at Eleanor Roosevelt: "In Washington she forced our Southern girls to use the stools and toilets of damn syphilitic nigger women") from being seated in the Eightieth Congress, an issue his colleagues were relieved not to have to take sides on because of Bilbo's timely death. In all, Taylor might have wound up one of those liberals feted by the Americans for Democratic Action and given plaques honoring their voting record, except for foreign policy matters, where Taylor's stands made him one of the reasons the ADA formed in the first place: to purge the Democratic Party of fellow travelers.

"You couldn't be there and not feel that something was happening; some door was shutting forever, something was locking into place." That is the way Taylor remembers the chill winds that began to blow with FDR's death. Working with neurotic eloquence, George Kennan had begun the flow of memoranda from the Moscow embassy that would later culminate in the famous 8,000-word telegram released in *Foreign Affairs* under the authorship of "X" that provided the theoretical underpinnings of containment. Averell Harriman, Kennan's superior, had come home to harangue Truman about the Russians, claiming that they represented a new

barbarianism ready to swoop down on Europe. Secretary of State Jimmy Byrnes was briefing the new President on the Manhattan Project, leading Truman to look forward to waging atomic diplomacy after Hiroshima. ("If it explodes as I think it will," he had exulted about his position vis-à-vis the Soviets, "I'll certainly have a hammer on those boys!") Secretary of Agriculture Clinton Anderson, meeting with the Congress on the awesome famine ravaging the postwar world, expressed the new rhetoric of "realism": "We're in a position of a family that owns a litter of puppies: we've got to decide which ones to drown."

Just two weeks after taking office, Truman showed that as far as he was concerned, the Grand Alliance was ended. In an explosive confrontation with Molotov, he tongue-lashed the Russian as if he were some underling in Missouri politics, ending by telling him to go to hell. Later on, in a controversial message to Byrnes, he expanded on his philosophy of global affairs: "Unless Russia is faced with an iron fist and strong language, another war is in the making. Only one language do they understand: 'How many divisions have you? . . . I'm tired of babying the Soviets.'

In the summer of 1946, after the Madison Square Garden speech questioning American policy (a speech Truman had himself okayed for delivery), Wallace was fired and continued to raise the issues from rostrums all over the coun-

try. In the Senate, Taylor increasingly did the same thing. He first attacked the President for bringing the bellicose Churchill to Fulton, Missouri, to deliver his Iron Curtain speech. Then, on March 12, 1947, when Truman went to the Senate to announce the advent of the Doctrine that bore his name, requesting \$400 million to take over the British role in maintaining the governments of Greece and Turkey, and serving notice on the world that it must choose between the American and Soviet systems, Taylor's role was confirmed. He vigorously opposed Truman, pointing out that the measure amounted to propping up corrupt regimes and that it bypassed the U.N. His doubts were shared by much of the rest of the nation. Polls taken that critical spring showed that while Americans were not unwilling to give economic assistance, they had serious reservations about military aid, and by better than two-to-one favored getting the matter before the world body.

But Secretary of State Marshall outlined his Plan in the famous commencement address at Harvard in June, 1947,

Glen's personal appeal and matchless oratory sparked his campaigns.



*Modes of conveyance. In 1940 it was an old Plymouth. In 1942, an Arabian gelding named Ranger. In 1950, one of the ill-fated Hudsons.*



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covering the iron fist of the Truman Doctrine with the velvet glove of altruism. Meanwhile, in an attempt to establish an atmosphere conducive to supporting its foreign policy initiatives, the administration tried to open the Pandora's box of anti-communism (closed during the united front of the war) just a crack—enough to keep the wartime mentality going, substituting communism for fascism. Truman's executive order initiated the Federal Employees Loyalty Program. (After signing it he said: "There, that ought to take the smear off the Democratic Party!") The first fulmination of HUAC went unopposed. Tom Clark initiated the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations.

Taylor didn't feel that he was getting anywhere by his isolated votes in the Senate. "When I sang on the Capitol steps, it was headlines; when I was against aid to the German kings of Greece, it was buried in the back pages." If it was a gimmick they wanted, he would give it to them. On October 26, 1947, he set out on a horseback ride across the country to dramatize his concerns, a cowboy Paul Revere who knew in advance he would be criticized for the cornball stunt. Beginning on the West Coast with Dora and the kids, he hitched a horse trailer to the car, and when they had gotten to within five miles or so of a major city, he would saddle up and ride in with as much fanfare as possible.

Taylor, a courageous New Dealer, was a firebrand for Progressives.

hoping to generate a town meeting. He got as far as Oak Ridge, Tennessee, before Congress was called back into session.

It was about this time, December 1947, that Wallace returned from sharing platforms with European leftists on his international speaking tour. It was one reason that Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in his manifesto expressing the Cold War liberalism of the ADA, *The Vital Center* (1947), called Wallace "...made to order for Communist exploitation; his own sense of martyrdom was swiftly generalized to embrace all friends of Soviet totalitarianism." He announced that he was forming the Progressive Party and running for President and asked Taylor to be his running mate.

"I went in and set up an appointment with Truman to see if there was any chance at all of his policies changing. Immediately after we'd sat down, he started denouncing Wallace. 'What's this I hear about you running with that god-damned nut?' I passed it off by saying I was undecided, and tried to talk about whether or not we were going to try to get an understanding with the Russians. Truman's reply was 'All the Russians understand is force.' I got that three times during our meeting and left thinking to myself, 'Well, for Christ's sake! If that's the way it is, what's the use?'"

Dora was dead set against it, pointing out that it was one thing for Wallace to

jeopardize his future—he was, after all, a millionaire from genetic experiments leading to "miracle" strains of hybrid corn—but for Taylor, the Senate was the best, in a sense the only, job he had ever held. "She said we wouldn't be able to go back to entertaining and still educate the children. I said, 'Well hell, honey, if there's an atomic war, it won't matter none if the kids are educated or not.'"

By February he had decided to make the run and tried to dispel the poisoned air that had already collected around the new Party. "I am happy to have the support of all those who go along with the program," he said in accepting Wallace's offer. "But just let me say to the Communists, so there will be no misunderstanding, my efforts in the future as in the past will be directed to the goal of making our economy work so well and our way of life so attractive and our people so contented that communism will never interest more than the infinitesimal fraction of our citizens who adhere to it now."

The Progressive Party met in convention at Philadelphia in July, in one of the



Above: Taylor and Wallace in 1948: a brief interlude before setting out on the death march. Right top: Taylor squeezes the famous Idaho potato. Lower right: the faithful congregate in a rally in the garment district.



Culver Pictures

# Take This Test: How Much Do You Know About Human Behavior?

1. What part of your face is the best at sending emotional messages?  
(a) Eyes; (b) Mouth; (c) Forehead; (d) Combination
2. Why do the rich usually marry each other?  
(a) Financial reasons; (b) How they're brought up; (c) Less divorce; (d) All classes tend to marry peers
3. What is the sexual secret of marijuana?  
(a) It increases potency; (b) It affects males more than females; (c) It reduces sensuality; (d) It does nothing
4. How do most people react to personal tragedy?  
(a) Seek professional help; (b) Turn to religion; (c) Escape through drugs or drink; (d) Adjust and work it out
5. When should your children stop sleeping with you?  
(a) 1-2 years old; (b) 3-6 years old; (c) Whenever seems natural; (d) They should never sleep with you
6. What type of men have the most problems dealing with liberated women?  
(a) Bachelors; (b) Insecure, introverted; (c) Divorced; (d) Family oriented
7. What do your dreams indicate?  
(a) You are justifying your behavior; (b) You are something disagreeable; (c) You lack other adequate emotional outlets; (d) You have an active imagination
8. Are minority athletes treated with kid gloves?  
(a) In most cases; (b) They are treated like everyone; (c) They are treated worse; (d) Depends on their ability
9. Which of these types is most likely to be a political assassin?  
(a) Political activist; (b) Small, asocial dropout; (c) Person with a history of violence; (d) Physically active
10. Does an active premarital sex life decrease your appetite for a monogamous relationship?  
(a) Depends on the number of relationships; (b) Depends on types of relationships; (c) Commitment grows with each new relationship; (d) Sexual permissiveness often leads to emotional paralysis

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great political happenings of the era, replete with songs by Pete Seeger and Paul Robeson, speeches showcasing blacks and other minorities, high drama and cornball humor, and endlessly inventive fundraising pitches. Taylor had established himself during that spring as a firebrand, not only by his votes against administration foreign policy but also by daring to take the Progressive message into the deep South. At a Birmingham appearance, he had insisted on entering a church by the "colored" entrance in defiance of Public Safety Commissioner "Bull" Connor's orders, and after a brief scuffle he was arrested and clapped in jail for several hours. (After exhausting appeals he would wind up with a six-month prison sentence, defying Alabama officials to begin extradition proceedings.) Now, after officially accepting the new party's nomination, Taylor introduced Dora, the three children and his brother Paul (who would score nearly 40 per cent of the vote running for a California Congressional seat as a Progressive) and then delighted the more than 30,000 people crammed into Shibe Park by singing a barbershop quartet version of "I Love You as I Never Loved Before." Afterwards, he set off on what he knew, even then, would be a campaign into oblivion.

The Progressives foundered badly, polls showing their percentage of the national vote shrinking day by day. There were several reasons for the disaster. The issue of international cooperation, which had seemed so crystal clear to Wallace and his followers for the past two years, was suddenly muddied by such things as Truman's spurious offer to send Supreme Court Justice Vinson to negotiate with Stalin. A considerable portion of the Progressives' ideas on racism and equality were co-opted by Hubert Humphrey and other liberals who rewrote the Democrats' program on civil rights. And in the spring of 1948, Stalin had badly maimed their credibility by overthrowing the Czech government, which had been plotting a precarious course between East and West.

But nothing hurt the new party as much as the death grip of the Communist Party. Taylor remembers discussing the problem with Wallace during a half-hour train ride shortly after the convention. "Henry's feeling was that if we could get the Communists to disavow us, we'd lose 100,000 votes and pick up three million. I don't think he understood how much our Party's organiza-

tion depended on them. But for us to have made an issue out of it would have been unprincipled—aiding the witch-hunting atmosphere spreading all over the country."

Also—and this was something they didn't know at the time—the door to cooperation, which had stood open a crack as late as summer 1946, was now closed; Russia had hardened its position to meet the U.S. Far from exerting influence on the situation, the Progressives were its victims in a madcap epilog to a concluded tale. They were heaven-sent for the Democrats, for in red-baiting them (Truman's continued inflammatory references to "Wallace and his Communists" and his widely quoted suggestion that his predecessor as Vice President should "go back to Russia" were outdone only by Clare Boothe Luce, who fêted Wallace as "Stalin's Mortimer Snerd") the President took the onus off his own party, which had suffered the smear in the 1946 Congressional elections.

With the campaign taking place behind a paper curtain of censorship—subtle and overt—imposed by the newspapers, the Progressives' optimism melted. It became a grim hanging-on, a death march toward that first Tuesday in November. And at the end there lay not only defeat but humiliation: just over one per cent of the popular vote. The last genuine discussion of American foreign policy for nearly 20 years was over: ahead lay NATO, the H-bomb, NSC-68 and the growth of the warfare state, Korea and finally the strange fruit of all this frenzied planting: Vietnam.

In 1950, Taylor lost the Idaho Senatorial primary to his old opponent D. Worth Clark. Unemployed and well into middle age, having lost the only good-paying job he'd ever had, he gathered his family and went troupeling again on the old circuit through the Rockies. The payoff was small, and he bought a small piece of land in Northern California and built a "spec" house to sell, picking up a card in the carpenter's union and a few hundred dollars.

In 1954, he tried once again, getting the Democratic nomination and then watching the smear unfold. Taylor's main foe was Idaho's notorious Senator Herman Welker, called "Little Joe" because he so predictably echoed McCarthy's views. Although not running himself, Welker orchestrated the appearance of anti-Taylor speakers including FBI informers Herbert Philbrick and

Matt Cvecic, and Richard Nixon, who told a Boise audience that he had proof Taylor was "a card-carrying member of the ADA!"

Losing by a landslide, Taylor positioned himself for a last hurrah in 1956, hoping to run against Welker himself. He bought a secondhand car and drove across the country trying to raise the \$15,000 he felt he needed to make his bid, hitting up former members of the Progressive Party and old admirers from his Senate days. Getting \$25 here and \$50 there, he pulled into New York and went upstate to visit Wallace. In retirement, conducting genetic experiments on chickens in hopes of producing a "miracle" layer that would do for the poultry industry what his bi-bred corn had done for agronomy, Wallace lived in ease and comfort in the bucolic beauty of his Fairview Farm. Taylor sought a contribution and Wallace, no impulsive giver, hedged. "Every time I tried to steer the conversation around to money, we always seemed to end up discussing chickens." Taylor's last view of the odd and mystical man with whom destiny had briefly paired him was through the back window of his car. As he drove off, the high-pitched voice followed him. "Good luck, Glen, I hope you win."

Taylor's chief opponent in the 1956 primary was Frank Church, "boy wonder" of Idaho politics, son-in-law of former governor Chase Clark and beneficiary of the muscle left in the Clark machine. It was a close race all the way, and ultimately the only experience in politics that left Taylor with an unrequited sense of vengeance. "At two o'clock election night, when the radio stations went off the air, I was ahead by over 100 votes. Everybody was happy, but I told them to watch out. I didn't like the precincts still left to come. Before I went to bed I wrote a letter to Church and gave it to the wire services. It said that whoever won, in a contest this close there should be a recount. When I got up I found out that I had lost by 200 votes and Church had left for a vacation, ignoring my note."

Idaho law did not provide for recounts except where there was proof of fraud. Taylor was sure there had been fraud but couldn't prove it without a recount. Laboring within this Kafkaesque difficulty, he undertook a house-to-house tally on his own in one part of the state and found 36 people willing to swear that their votes had been tampered with. As he was piling up this evidence the

Now a 72-year-old toupee king and . . . hero.



Glen and Dora at the service entrance of the plant—survivors of history.



Photos by Louise Kollenbaum

election was certified. Church operatives contacted him and asked him to speak for the candidate in the general election; Taylor replied that he would be glad to if Church would first take a lie detector test regarding the legitimacy of the election. This offer was ignored. The only thing to come out of his loss was passage the following year by the legislature of what has since been referred to as the "Taylor Recount Law."

With his last hurrah finished, Taylor's thoughts turned to making a living. He was 52, faced with trying to get started in some life's work. He had a bad back that prohibited him from working as a carpenter; time had passed the Glendora Ranch Gang by, unless of course they wanted to wind up performing in some Times Square flea circus. He decided that his future depended on the time-honored American attempt to build a better mousetrap—except that in his case it would be a better hairpiece.

He found that it was one thing to spend several heated days fabricating one for himself, and quite another to develop a process that would lead to a commercial model. "I literally worked from sunup to sundown," he says, grimacing at the remembered effort. "I made dozens and dozens of them. I mean it. The base was the problem. I couldn't use aluminum, as I'd done for my own, and

wrecked my brain for something else. I tried the acrylic plastic they use for making dentures, but the shell was too brittle. I was going out of my mind. Then one day I was out walking and saw a man fiberglassing his boat. I watched him. Eureka!"

He sold the first Topper to a down-trodden clerk in the local Singer Sewing Machine company for \$1.00 and watched with pride as the new head of hair rejuvenated the man. Then he went to Salt Lake City, which had the closest television studio, and sat on a stool being revolved by the station manager below, out of camera view, taking his toupee off and then putting it back on in accompaniment to Dora's voice-over narration of its unique merits. They paid \$50 to make the advertisement and \$10 each for ten one-minute spots. Soon they were selling an average of five Toppers a week and raking in as much money as he had drawn as a senator.

Realizing that demand depended on geography, the Taylors decided to move to California, and settled in the San Francisco peninsula town of Millbrae. They found a large warehouse to begin production, and did their first advertising on a huge, two-story white wall. "BALD?" read the superscript. "THEN GET A TAYLOR TOPPER," it said

below. The almost prurient candor of the message would be repeated in sports sections of newspapers all over the state.

Over the next two decades the business grew so fast that his wildest expectations had trouble keeping pace. Taylor bought out the Max Factor line of hairpieces, opened branches in some parts of the country and franchises elsewhere, and saw his line expand into Europe and Japan. The enterprise was grossing some \$5 million a year; he was the largest manufacturer of custom toupees in the country. A newspaperman on vacation from Pocatello came by once and went home to write a story about the odd fate of "Idaho's Red Devil." Taylor was included in a book of trivia. Otherwise, he was swallowed by benign oblivion.

"Hell, I don't know what to think," he says, wandering through the factory, pausing to talk to his employees and check out the machines he himself designed for the delicate operation of implanting hair and matching the contour of the scalp, then going on to rustle through the rooms where casts of bald heads lay like half skulls exhumed in a dig. "Life is funny. I've often told myself: 'Well, as it works out, you've probably done a damn sight more good with these here hairpieces than you ever did in politics. You've saved marriages. You've saved people's self-esteem.'" A look from the corner of the eyes suggests that he knows that this is not, strictly speaking, quite true; but it has the ring of truth, and is meant to reassure his guest that he needs and wants no pity, for he feels no lack of fulfillment.

At the age of 72, a man has the right to be fusty and a bit watery-eyed, remote and even imploring about his past. He has the right to sit and recollect things in tranquility, or to make them better than they were, backing and filling and smoothing over the rough spots; he also has the right to remain silent. Yet there are some—Glen Taylor must be counted as one of them—who continue bright and brittle and are ready and able as witnesses. They recall those attractive qualities—innately anarchist, endlessly droll, strong in survivorship—that have been bred out of the American character. It is these individuals who keep certain crucial episodes from vanishing into the Bermuda Triangles of our history.

Let us now remember famous men.

Peter Collier, co-author of *The Rockefellers*, is now working on a book about the Cold War era.

# “THE ENVELOPE, PLEASE...”

## What the Oscar Is *Really* Worth

By Karen Stabiner

*Exterior Shot:* 8949 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, the new Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences building, late afternoon. (Catch the arc of the setting sun reflected in seven stories' worth of tinted windows.)

*Medium Shot:* An Academy member walks toward the entrance. (Profile: 50 years old, male, dressed in a Pierre Cardin suit, carrying an expensive leather briefcase. He catches sight of himself in the mirrored first-floor pillars, then fixes his tie and transfers his Mercedes keys to a less conspicuous pocket. We follow him into the elevator, to the fourth floor, and into the Academy library. He picks up a pamphlet and settles into a chair.)

*Close-up:* Over his shoulder, on the Academy Awards' Rules pamphlet. He opens it and we read:

*“Every year at awards time the Academy and the industry are embarrassed by a few colleagues who resort to outright, excessive and vulgar solicitation of votes. . . . We have been hesitant to set down specific rules governing advertising. We have left the decision to the good consciences of the nominees, or those seeking nominations . . .”*

*“Yet year after year we have been disappointed, for no matter how restrained has been the action of the majority, there have always been that heedless number who have gone their own crude and ambitious way . . .”*

*Fade:* To Awards Ceremony: “And the winner for best picture is . . .”

\* \* \*

What kind of script is this? Can crude,

ambitious people really destroy the Oscar ceremony? What could possess them?

Money, that's what. One studio employee appraises the best picture Oscar at about \$5 million in extra revenues. A mere nomination in a major category like best actress or best screenplay means more money and more work.

For all the altruistic hoopla about recognition from one's peers and artistic merit, the only constant truth about Oscar is that he's worth more than his weight in gold. Marty Cooper has been in charge of Academy publicity for the last four years. “Frankly,” he says, “millions of dollars are won and lost on the basis of whether one gets an Oscar.” If a woman wins the best actress Oscar, she can immediately command more money; and the benefits pass just as fast to her agent, her publicist, the studio that made her last film, even the studio that's making her next.

What, then, could the nearly 4,000 members of the Academy have on their minds when they nominate candidates and vote in the general election? For starters, those 4,000 minds belong mostly to white, middle-aged men. Even if Academy members suddenly forgot emotional alliances and economic imperatives when faced with a blank ballot, the Awards would reflect the tastes of people who are older and more conservative than the industry as a whole. Director Martin Scorsese, for example, wasn't invited in until this year.

The age imbalance is so severe that the

Academy's 36-member board of governors established a new rule that 12 of its members must be younger than 35 or have been members for less than five years. Still, decisions on everything from Academy policy to last month's Oscar winners are made by majority vote; and the majority profile has not changed.

The campaign—or “the stamped,” as one publicist calls it—to influence the Academy majority begins weeks before the nominating. Full-page ads appear in the “trades”—the *Hollywood Reporter* and the daily and weekly *Variety*.

“Consider Gregory Peck for best actor,” it says in dignified white script above a photo of Peck. “Consider *The Omen* the Most Successful Film of 1976.” Tasteful. To the point. Turn the page to a sepia-toned full page *Bound for Glory* ad, followed closely by the bolt-of-lighting logo and a pitch for *Network*.

If you are lucky, which at Academy Award time is synonymous with being well-known or an old-timer, the studio provides you with an ample advertising budget, schedules special screenings for Academy members and promotes you in the local press and on nationwide TV. If you are not so lucky, you have to hustle.

Neil Koenigsberg of Maslansky/Koenigsberg public relations represents best-actress nominee Sissy Spacek. In January he flew to Texas to consult with Spacek and her husband, Jack Fisk, about what kind of campaign they could run with the money allotted them by United Artists. Fisk designed the art himself, but Koenigsberg still felt he



ROBERT DE NIRO



SYLVESTER &amp; BUTKUS STALLONE



TALIA SHIRE



SISY SPACEK



PETER FINCH

"The campaign—or the 'stampede'—to influence Academy members begins months before the awards ceremony."

could not compete with the other contenders.

"There's a lot of hype," he said. "With Faye Dunaway or Liv Ullman the studios spent vast amounts of money, but *Carrie* is a film that makes money whether it was Sissy or some other actress."

Undaunted, Koenigsberg went a-courting the non-trade publications, looking for coverage that would reach Academy members. Spacek landed in *The New York Times*, *New Times* and, fortuitously, on the cover of *Newsweek* the day she was named one of the nominees for best actress. Excellent timing for the "second phase" of promotion.

"In order to have an impact," explained another publicist, "you have to know the attitude you want to solicit from the voters. Then you merchandise on that attitude: whether it be a scene in a film, or a successful film your client is involved in, or maybe the fact that your client should have won once before and you want to appeal to sentiment."

Emotions figure in the voting in another way—one's emotional attachment to one's job. A publicity department em-

ployee at a major studio interrupted herself in mid-sentence with a warning: I would be hearing rumors, she insisted, that the studios influence votes, that they like their employees to vote for studio products. It is impossible, she countered, for a studio to do that. "They're secret ballots, you know. For the studio to influence someone's vote, well, how could they? They'd have to march an employee into an office and say here, I'm going to mark your ballot for you."

But this protestation came before I even broached the subject—surely a clue that there is something to be defensive about.

Marcy Rothman, an ex-newspaper reporter turned publicist, suggests it is so. "It's a very subtle influence. People figure, 'If we make a picture that wins an Academy Award it's going to make more money, the studio's going to make more money, we'll be making more films here, and there will be more work for everyone.'"

The Academy's official appraisal of all these variables is that they cancel each other out; that, aside from a few notable

exceptions ("Liz Taylor should have won for something else, like *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, but with *Butterfield Eight* it was—well, my God, the woman almost died! The whole tracheotomy thing"), the awards recognize only artistic achievement. The Academy believes in its impartiality. The questions, the criticisms and suspicions crop up every year at Oscar time: they're forgotten as quickly as the names of last year's winners.

Oscar night itself is a sturdy fantasy built over 48 years to withstand assault by cynics and skeptics. As sturdy, in fact, as the bleachers the Academy installs in front of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion for the throngs of fans who, Marty Cooper proudly swears, are as numerous as ever. "We even," he adds with no small pleasure, "get a few people who show up the night before and sleep over, just to assure themselves a good spot."

To anyone who has read Nathaniel West's *The Day of the Locust* (forget about the film version; Hollywood has never been adept at self-criticism) this idolatry borders on the sinister. But to the industry, the crowd represents all the

people watching the Awards on TV and all the people who will glance at their newspapers the next morning and say, "Oh, this film won an Academy Award." Can you hear the jingle of the cash register?

So the stars pull up in one outrageous car after another; several publicists insist that the Academy furnishes limousines to ensure that as many nominees as possible appear. Since the 3,000-seat hall is too small to begin with—and has to house nominees, their escorts, city council and board of supervisor types, and "various important people," many Academy members sit home on March 26, just like the rest of us.

Meanwhile, the local TV stations deck their reporters in formal wear and instruct them to tackle anyone who looks famous. *After the moment we've all been waiting for*, the losers can watch the rest of the show in peaceful disappointment, while the hapless winners are whisked offstage into an elevator to the fourth floor. The Academy takes over the fourth floor to house some 500 hungry journalists (of the 1,500 who requested credentials)—one room for still photographs, one for TV cameras, and so on. Artistic recognition is fine; but the idea is to let people know where to catch that startling performance as soon as possible.

The festivities cost the Academy over half a million dollars, but the returns justify the outlay. No one will say what ABC-TV pays for the air rights but, aside from \$400,000 annual dues, rental fees for the Academy theater and receipts from the sale of a players' directory, this is the Academy's only income. And it is enough to keep about 60 people on the payroll and pay for a new seven-story building in Beverly Hills, with \$4.6 million left over in cash reserves.

It's also enough money to keep the accounting firm of Price Waterhouse & Company tallying those votes. The Academy proudly points out that the anonymous ballots are mailed straight to a trustworthy P-W employee, who sequesters the results in some off-limits computer room until the big night.

You may be able to buy a nomination; some say you can purchase an election if you spread the money around the right way. But nobody has ever been able to buy the folks who make that "May I have the envelope, please?" so suspenseful. Even Oscar's foes grudgingly admit that the guy in the white gloves who marches in with the envelope has no idea whom he's pushing into a higher tax bracket. □

## J. P. STEVENS

*—continued from page 28*

few hours. But as the years go by, the symptoms persist through Tuesday and Wednesday, the worker develops a chronic cough; the bronchial tubes leading to the lungs become permanently narrowed, and there is increasing shortness of breath. In 25 years, a worker can be totally disabled.

"I heard Ralph Nader talk about it on TV. I knew I coughed all night, waiting to see if I would catch another breath. That had been going on for 25 years or more. I looked at my husband and I said, 'Do you think that's what I got?'" At a clinic in Roanoke Rapids a few months later, Lucy Taylor found out that that was what she had. Today she is head of the Carolina Brown Lung Association, a grassroots organization with chapters in six cities that is trying to win compensation for byssinosis victims.

Lucy Taylor's lungs gave out on her in 1964 after 35 years in the mills. "At the last, before I did stop, I fell down in the mill and broke my rib because of weakness." But her eyes are still sharp and her tongue still strong. She lashes out at the local doctor who told her she had byssinosis grade one, the earliest stage of the disease, and at the Stevens insurance company, which has held up her compensation claim for more than a year because only grade-one byssinosis (not an advanced case) was diagnosed. "I got a little motto," Lucy Taylor tells me, reaching into her pocketbook. She finds the folded piece of paper she is looking for, coughs and reads slowly. "It's too late for me, Dust was our destiny. We will keep fighting that the future will be better than the past."

### [SEEING JUSTICE DONE]

On a clear Monday morning in mid-December, I drove ten miles to the Halifax County Courthouse, where the NLRB was about to begin hearings on charges that Stevens has been bargaining with the Union in bad faith. Two hundred years ago, on April 12, 1776, the Halifax Resolves were signed here—the first official declaration of independence by a colony. If North Carolina was slightly ahead of its times then, it had, by 1976, fallen out of step with the rest of America. The big clock atop the Halifax Courthouse was a full seven minutes slow.

Outside the brick building, a half-dozen pickets are marching silently. The

first sign of union activity, I think to myself. But as I get close enough to read their signs, I realize something is amiss. "Oust the Union. Stop the Boycott." "ACTWU Unfair to Stevens Employees." I look more carefully at the green buttons on their coats: "J.P. Stevens Employees Education Committee."

Gene Patterson, a 29-year-old loom fixer, explains what he is doing on an anti-union picket line. "If we don't stop the union, Stevens is going to shut the mills down. The company will never sign a contract. The union's gonna make us lose our jobs, and we're not gonna sit here and take it."

Two and a half years ago, Patterson signed a blue card and voted for the union, persuaded to join up by one of the weavers who worked on his shift at the Rosemary Mill—Maurine Hedgepath. Now, he is disillusioned. "Since then, everything's gone downhill. The boycott is hurting business. A lot of looms in my plant are wrapped up and out of production. People have been laid off. If the union stays around much longer, Roanoke Rapids will become a ghost town."

That is just what Stevens would like its workers to think. In a letter sent to all employees last June, James Finley, chief executive officer of Stevens, wrote: "You should always remember that through this nationwide boycott they are deliberately, ruthlessly and without mercy trying to destroy your jobs and your livelihood." (I later found out from Robert Mallory—who keeps a close watch on such things—that in recent months the company has been diverting work normally done in Roanoke Rapids to its other mills. "I definitely don't think they're gonna close the plants down," Mallory said. "But I do believe that they're trying to scare these people a whole lot.")

The Employees Education Committee was formed in September to oppose the boycott of Stevens products and to get the union decertified on the grounds that it no longer represents a majority of the workers in Roanoke Rapids. Almost all of its members are white, and many, like Gene Patterson, are loom fixers, who have the highest-paying nonsupervisory jobs in the plants (\$4.77 an hour) and who tend to identify with management. The union thinks the Education Committee is a company front.

Inside the courtroom, the NLRB hearings are an hour and a half late getting started.

#### MOTHER JONES

Fifteen green-buttoned Education Committee members cluster around their leader, Wilson Lambert, menacing looking in his sunglasses and windbreaker. Donald Phillips, a loom fixer who will testify later for the union about changes in the company's double-shift policies, glares back: "The Education Committee is the pits," he tells me. "They're like the police." Danny Blackwell, a 21-year-old dye mixer in the plant where

"Now, the catch. If a weaver begins to exceed her efficiency standard, the company's industrial engineers will quickly raise the production standards, thinking they must have been set too low to begin with. The result: weavers have had to steadily increase the number of looms they operate."

Stevens' Snoopy towels are printed, agrees: "The way I look at it, it doesn't take any guts to stand up for the company."

Casper Smith, a veteran of a historic 1934 strike that shut down the mills in Roanoke Rapids for three months, sits in the front row so he won't miss a word. A few seats away is Lucy Taylor, coughing every few minutes; she too wants to see justice done.

Off in a corner, Clyde Bush and Cecil Jones, the two union organizers based in Roanoke Rapids, huddle with representatives of the union who have come down from New York. At the front of the courtroom, hovering around the judge, are the lawyers: five for Stevens, dressed in nearly identical three-piece suits and looking something like the front line of a football team; one for the ACTWU, looking the part of a union lawyer, with a beard, a barrel chest and clothes that don't quite fit.

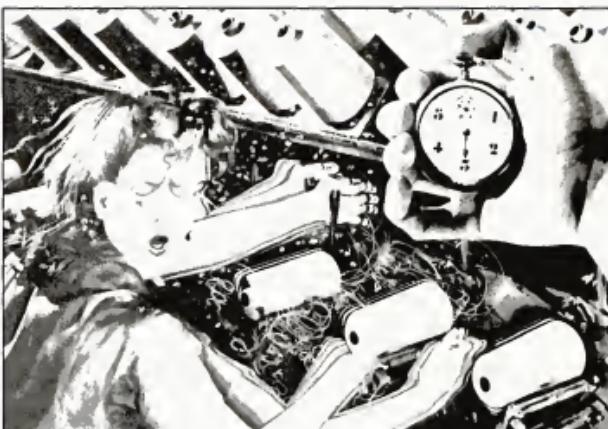
Confusing the issue, stalling, filibustering and displaying contempt, the Stevens lawyers use the same game plan here in the courtroom as they have been using at the bargaining table. On three

occasions during the first day's proceedings, the company lawyers introduce motions to quash subpoenas of documents and witnesses. Each motion takes considerable time to argue, and after each is decided in the union's favor, the lawyers, in their polite North Carolina voices, inform "Yuh Honuh" that they have no intention of complying with the subpoenas in any case.

After the hearings are completed, some

years went by before a special master appointed by the court found Stevens guilty in June 1975. Seven years had passed since the election. And by then it was moot: one month earlier, Stevens had closed down its Statesboro plant for what it said were economic reasons.)

For four days, in the Halifax Courthouse, the union presented evidence that over a period of 27 months, at 57 bargaining sessions, Stevens had repeatedly



months from now, the judge will issue his recommendation to the full National Labor Relations Board. If his decisions during the first round of hearings are any indication, he will probably report that Stevens has been guilty of "surface bargaining." The NLRB will then make its ruling, at which point whoever loses will take the case to the U.S. Court of Appeals and possibly to the Supreme Court after that. Two years from now, perhaps, if the union wins, Stevens will be ordered to return to the bargaining table and negotiate in good faith. And, if the company chooses to disregard this order, it's back into court again.

(What happened at the Stevens plant in Statesboro, Georgia, is a chilling case in point. In 1968, the union lost a close election. The NLRB, citing company intimidation and other improprieties, threw out the results and ordered negotiations with the union. The Court of Appeals upheld the NLRB decision, and in 1971, Stevens finally sat down at the bargaining table. Two years and 22 negotiating sessions later, the union brought charges against the company for bargaining in bad faith. Two more

withheld information that the union sought and had made numerous unilateral changes in working conditions. But the substance of the case—that Stevens will simply not consider two basic provisions that are included in nearly every union contract in the country—was postponed for a later date. According to union negotiators, Stevens is following a strategy masterminded by a North Carolina lawyer, Whiteford Blakeney, who has made a career of advising Southern companies on how to win the war against unions. His record is impressive: North Carolina is the least unionized state in the country.

Stevens officials will not talk to the press about any aspect of the Roanoke Rapids case or about corporate policies. (Nor would they allow me to take a tour of one of their plants.) But they did explain their position in a letter to Stevens shareholders last spring: "We have bargained in good faith, and for many months we have been prepared to sign a comprehensive agreement. We have not been willing to include in that agreement provisions which we consider burdensome to the employees or which take

from management the ultimate right to operate the business." What Stevens finds so "burdensome" is in fact the very backbone of any union's existence—a simple dues checkoff system and a mechanism for grievance arbitration.

#### [IT'S ILLLOGICAL]

"It's illogical," says Scott Hoyman over breakfast at Horne's Best Western Motel, where all the union officials stay when they're in town. "Other textile companies don't welcome the union, but at least they want to have the image of a modern, consumer-responsive corporation. I do not understand how Stevens can want to have a high degree of consumer identification with its products and at the same time do what it's doing down here. It's illogical. It isn't in the financial interest of the company. It's wrong for them in the marketplace, and it's wrong for them in the work place."

Stevens' officials might disagree. Re-

cently released figures for the fiscal year ending October 31, 1976, show that the company had record sales of \$1.42 billion and record profits of \$41.1 million, up more than 100 per cent from the previous year. Dividends to the company's 18,900 shareholders (approximately 20 per cent of the shares, a controlling interest, are held by Stevens family members) were also considerably higher in 1976. But despite the healthy corporate profile, *Value Line*, Wall Street's racing form, has predicted a below-average performance for Stevens in the coming year: "Organized labor's planned nationwide boycott of Stevens products casts a cloud over this stock."

#### [TEETH]

Fighting an illogical corporation for 25 years would be enough to drive most men crazy. Not Scott Hoyman. He came south as an organizer for the TWUA in 1952, thinking it would "take about five

years to put the union on the map." He is still here; a veteran of every Stevens campaign and, since 1967, the union's Southern regional director.

Hoyman probably knows Stevens better than anyone outside the company. And he knows that while Roanoke Rapids represents the potential for converting the entire Southern textile industry, it could also be another in a long series of frustrated hopes. So he moves cautiously. A strike, he says, which in other situations might be effective, would be inappropriate here. Since Roanoke Rapids is the only place the union has won representation, Stevens could simply transfer work to its other mills and wait out a strike.

Hoyman is also aware that the tortuous legal process often works to Stevens' advantage. "Nothing's going to change unless you put some teeth in the legal process, unless you put somebody in jail, unless you go after the people at the top instead of the supervisor who's carrying out a corporate policy."

Which leaves the boycott—a moral crusade to convince American consumers that a common thread ties their lives to the lives of Southern cotton mill workers, that injustices suffered in Roanoke Rapids pull on the conscience of us all. Not an easy task. Particularly when you consider that most Stevens cloth is sold to manufacturers and marketed under other labels. But the Amalgamated Clothing Workers invested \$5 million and 22 months in a successful boycott of Farah pants, and the ACTWU is planning to spend even more time and money on the Stevens campaign.

For Scott Hoyman, the boycott is something more—an attempt to break through the "stereotypes of the organized labor movement by presenting a social issue." Indeed, for most of the small heroes in Roanoke Rapids who put their jobs on the line to vote for the union, the issue is not dollars and cents. It is social. A corporation is squeezing its employees to stretch its profits. A union is struggling for its very right to exist. Lucy Taylor is fighting for her breath. Maurine Hedgepeth is demanding control over her labor. Robert Mallory is waiting for respect. Or, as he puts it, more eloquently: "You pinch me, I can feel it just like if I pinch you."



Boycotting J. P. Stevens products is not as simple as refusing to buy lettuce or Gallo wine or Farah pants. Almost half of the company's \$1.4 billion volume in fiscal 1976 came from the sale of fabrics to apparel makers. Garments made with these fabrics are sold under numerous labels and are not identified as Stevens products. The ACTWU is prohibited by law from initiating secondary boycotts against apparel manufacturers.

Thirty-four per cent of Stevens' sales are derived from consumer products: towels, sheets, carpets and other home furnishings marketed under a variety of brand names. While some of these items carry the company's name or address (1185 Avenue of the Americas, New York City), many are not readily identifiable as Stevens goods. What follows is a partial list of the company's labels:

*Sheets and pillowcases:* Beuti-Blend, Beuticale, Fine Arts, Mohawk, Peanuts, Tastemaker, Utica.

*Towels:* Fine Arts, Tastemaker, Utica.

*Carpets:* Contender, Gulistan, Merryweather, Tastemaker.

*Blankets:* Baby Stevens, Forstmann, Utica.

*Table linens:* Simtex.

*Synthetics and blend fabrics:* Blen Tempo, Carousel, Coachman, Consort, Gesture, Lady Consort, Linebacker, 20 Below, Westamatic, Windsheer.

*Woolens and worsted fabrics:* Boldeena, Forstmann, Hockanum, Worumbo.

*Cotton fabrics:* Academy, Lady Twist Twill, Twist Twill.

*Women's hosiery:* Big Mama, Finesse, Hip-Lets, Spirit.

The union, with the support of the AFL-CIO, plans to spend some \$10 million organizing and publicizing the boycott over the next few years. Boycott headquarters will be set up in 27 cities, and already a number of groups, including the newly formed Southerners for Economic Justice in Atlanta, are lending their support. For further information, contact the ACTWU: 15 Union Square, New York, NY 10003.

*Robert Friedman is a freelance writer who lives in New York City. Research for this article was supported, in part, by the Foundation for National Progress.*

## FBI INFORMER

*continued from page 23*

credentials to get in, shooting a rambling film interview with station manager Will Lewis. He says he managed to shoot a studio layout at the same time. The film was possibly used a few months later to plan a raid by the Los Angeles Police Department's Criminal Conspiracy Section. Policemen spent eight and a half hours going through the station office in a fruitless search for copies of a New World Liberation Front communiqué they believed the station had. (KPFK's staff broadcast the entire raid live, even managing to interview several LAPD stalwarts busily working their way through the archives. "Do you really intend to listen to all our tapes?" one station reporter asked a policeman busily fast-forwarding his way through a Beethoven piano concerto. "Well, to be honest," confessed the officer, "we're not really interested in the music.")

In the summer of 1974 Othello moved on to another FBI assignment—setting up a raid on the Compton National Guard Armory by men believed to be members of the Black Liberation Army. Following instructions furnished by Perry, the revolutionaries managed to make off with 95 M-16 rifles, seven M-60 machine guns, eight M-79 grenade launchers, one .45 caliber semiautomatic pistol and 3,360 rounds of .50 caliber ammunition. The thieves proceeded to sell some of them to unwitting customers who then made the mistake of trying to unload the armament on FBI undercover agents. All four of the men apprehended pled guilty or were convicted on weapons charges.

When members of groups like the Black Liberation Army were brought to trial, operatives like Perry tried to infiltrate the defense. In late 1974 he was told to get close to Beth Livezey, an attorney representing one of three alleged BLA members accused of shooting a Los Angeles policeman in 1971. When Livezey spurned his entreaties the FBI suggested he try to get close to the sister of one of the defendants. But after checking the young woman out he declined the assignment. "She's just not my type," explained Othello.

The Bureau was not amused by this sort of insubordination (particularly since one of the BLA defendants was acquitted and charges against the other two were dropped). By the spring of 1975 his supervisors were also dismayed by

12/4/69--CHICAGO: Black Panther Fred Hampton is shot to death by police. An FBI informer provided a pre-raid map.

Photo by Paul Sequeira



## THE OTHER INFORMERS

While Darhardt Perry is certainly the most important informer/agent provocateur to emerge in recent years, he is not alone. Four other important black undercover operatives have emerged from police or FBI ranks:

*William O'Neal*, an FBI informer, wormed his way into the job of security chief for the Black Panther Party's Chicago chapter. This young man went to the trouble of constructing an electric chair, supposedly designed to scare would-be informants out of joining the party. He also instructed new recruits to prove their loyalty to the Panthers by committing robbery. Although Panther leaders finally made him dismantle the electric chair and drop the security tests, O'Neal was skillful enough to keep his job and become bodyguard to Illinois party officer Fred Hampton. Informer O'Neal was paid \$30,000 for his services, including a \$300 bonus for providing Chicago police with a map of Hampton's apartment. The map proved crucial when a police raiding party broke in the middle of the night and assassinated Hampton and another party leader, Mark Clark, on December 4, 1969.

*Melvin Cotton Smith* of Los Angeles successfully infiltrated the Southern California Black Panther Party chapter in 1969. His reports back to Los Angeles police were instrumental in setting up the December 8, 1969, pre-dawn raid that decimated the party

and led to the arrest of 24 members.

*Louis Tackwood*, perhaps the most important defector prior to Perry, played a key role in fomenting strife between California Panthers and Ron Karenga's U.S. organization. Believed to be heavily involved in gunrunning to radical organizations, Tackwood broke the inside story on the intricate police plots designed to set up the murders of George and Jonathan Jackson in prison escape attempts. He was also able to describe a remarkable government plan to bomb Huey P. Newton.

*Eugene Roberts*, the fourth and final unmasked star of the anti-black intelligence network, worked for the New York Police Department. He is a hard worker who, legend has it, once had listening devices surgically implanted in his wrist. Roberts infiltrated the Panthers' New York chapter in 1969 and helped set up the arrest of a couple dozen members in April of that year. He then went on to become a key prosecution witness at the trial of some of them, known as the New York 21, the following year. But Roberts is probably best remembered for his earlier infiltration of Malcolm X's organization. The star agent was so skillful that he was able to become the black revolutionary's bodyguard. After Malcolm was fatally shot in 1965 it was Roberts who leaped to his side and gave the dying man mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

# NO FINGERPRINTS

Following are excerpts from an April 18, 1975, phone conversation between Darthard Perry and Los Angeles FBI special agent Will Heaton:

Perry: "... There's something I know you'll be interested in."

Heaton: "What's that?"

Perry: "You remember that tape, the World Liberation Front tape that they [L.A. radical radio station KPFK] had?"

Heaton: "Uhh? No, I didn't know the World Liberation Front had a tape."

Perry: "Oh, you didn't?"

Heaton: "No."

Perry: "Yeah, well, they got one down here."

Heaton: "The World Liberation tape—the New World Liberation Front?"

Perry: "Uh-huh."

Heaton: "What's it say?"

Perry: "Uh—well, I—I'm supposed to be listening to it Monday."

Heaton: "Okay."

Perry: "And I thought I might pick it up for us."

Heaton: "Why don't you."

(The two men proceeded to discuss several related matters, and then Perry explained how he was able to work his way into KPFK.)

Perry: "And that World Liberation tape I think, I think you'd definitely want."

Heaton: "Yah, get me a copy of that so that I can get that verified."

Perry: "Not copy, not copy, you don't want copy, you want original, don't you?"

Heaton: "Yes, can you get it without handling it?"

Perry: "Uh?"

Heaton: "You know, fingerprints."

other organizations, I understood."

Fortunately for Perry, his old friend Dolan not only understood but was willing to help him with the difficult task of going straight. Perry knew that a successful break from the Bureau meant establishing his credibility with those he had betrayed in the past. Some, like KPFK station manager Will Lewis, were dubious about Perry's determination to prove he had defected from the FBI. "After what he'd done to us we were reluctant to get involved with him." But Othello insisted on proving he had the inside track by taping a conversation with his Bureau supervisor Will Heaton. During this April 18, 1975, conversation (see box) Perry offered to steal the Bureau man an original copy of a New World Liberation Front tape from KPFK. The FBI man said that sounded like a fine idea and cautioned him not to contaminate the recording with any fingerprints. Toward the end of the talk the agent indicated that delivery of this valuable piece of evidence might enable Perry to re-establish himself with the agency.

But Othello never came through. Instead, on May 20 he informed Heaton that he was going public with his story. Two days later the eight-man raiding party showed up to take the retired FBI operative away on bad-check charges. The bad checks, ironically, were drawn on the account Perry says the Bureau had set up for him to finance his efforts to ingratiate himself with the Community Freedom School.

\* \* \*

Since getting out of jail on bail at the end of May 1975, Darthard Perry has been endlessly harassed. On July 8 of that year his probation from an old Sacramento stolen-property case was suddenly revoked. The following month a judge there issued a bench warrant for him. About this same time Perry found a job as a clerk at a Los Angeles shopping center. FBI representatives got him sacked by running down the man's criminal record for his new boss. This same story persuaded the parents of a young woman he was dating to convince their daughter to break off her engagement with Perry.

Soon after, Perry went to bat for a friend of his, John Gardner, who was embroiled in an income tax case Perry thought was FBI-inspired. (Gardner was a close political ally of California's black Lieutenant Governor Mervin Dymally; Perry felt Dymally was the FBI's real target. The case was filed after Gardner

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Perry's unwillingness to continue destroying what little was left—after the activities of Perry and his fellow infiltrators—of Los Angeles' black political and cultural groups.

Othello had finally reached his limit. Sick of midnight meetings with descending agents, of living a double life and of always worrying about being unmasked and done in, Perry began confessing his story in bits and pieces to people like Harry Dolan, Don Freed, KPFK's Will Lewis and Tommy Thompson, a reporter then with the Los Angeles Free Press: "I'm sick of lying to folks," he explained at one point, "I'm sick of hiding and jabbering with the truth. I'm tired of the Bureau lying to me and using me, and it's time that I just stood up like I should have quite some time ago and just let it all out, the whole truth."

Harry Dolan was stunned by the confession: "Even though everything he was saying added up I just couldn't believe that we were so completely naive. I mean none of us at the Workshop were dummies. And besides, what would the FBI have against us? Our people weren't blowing anything up. I could never figure why they would ever want to stick spikes on us. But when he explained how the Workshop credentials gave him access to

## MOTHER JONES

refused to cooperate with an FBI attempt to obtain damaging information on Dynamite.) On December 15, 1975, five days after Perry finished testifying against the government in the Gardner hearing, Los Angeles authorities revoked probation handed down in the bad check case and put out a warrant for him. This led to complications in March 1976, when Perry returned to court to testify for Gardner. As he arrived at the building, Los Angeles police asked federal marshals to apprehend him. But Judge William Matthew Byrne, Jr., the Elsberg case judge who had once been informally offered the FBI directorship by Richard Nixon, refused to release the man to local authorities. Perry proceeded to testify. At the trial, an FBI official admitted that Perry had indeed worked for the Bureau, although, he claimed, only since 1974.

After the trial, Perry was jailed by local police and shuttled between various institutions while awaiting a hearing on new grand theft charges that had been brought against him. This case was never tried, and Perry was subsequently released and sent to Sacramento to serve a two-day sentence imposed in his earlier misdemeanor case. Then in June eavesdropping charges were brought against him in Los Angeles County. Presumably—the charges are not on file with the court—they have to do with Perry's taping the phone call with FBI agent Heaton. Local police are currently trying to arrest Perry on these charges. He is now underground.

When Darthard Perry's next bust will come is anyone's guess. But today there can be no doubt that his career establishes a new record of sorts. In exchange for what he estimates as \$75,000 over the years from the Bureau, Perry managed to do an estimated \$250,000 damage to the Watts Writers Workshop, the garage with Angela Davis's papers, the Panthers, the Community Freedom School, the Reverend Jesse Jackson's West Coast operation, KPFK and the Compton National Guard Armory. J. Edgar Hoover always loved statistics: in this case the Bureau got a profitable return on its investment. According to Perry, the Bureau is still making similar investments: he says that recent revelations have not slowed the FBI's practice of infiltrating and provoking black organizations.

Perry is now thinking about filing a lawsuit against the FBI. But he—and anyone else who tries to sue the FBI over the damage Perry wrought—may have trouble finding willing witnesses. A curi-

ous chain of mishaps links several of the people who have befriended Perry since his defection. For instance, says attorney Frank Duncan, who defended Perry's friend John Gardner last year: "Normally the government will settle for back taxes and payment of a penalty in cases like this one. I think one of the reasons they pushed so hard against Gardner was that they were anxious to get back at us for using Perry as an anti-FBI witness. You know, it's kind of interesting: the day after the trial ended, two IRS agents showed up to cross-examine me about my own finances."

Something also happened to Donald Freed, the author and Black Panther friend, who was instrumental in persuading Perry to come clean. In fall '75, Freed's wife suffered a stroke. She was kept alive by a respirator for a number of days; then finally died of the cancer she was also suffering from. After he left the hospital where she died, Freed drove straight to his West Los Angeles home to rest momentarily before spreading the word to relatives and friends. His princess phone was ringing as he walked in the door. When Freed picked up the receiver, a man on the other end told him "You're next" and hung up.

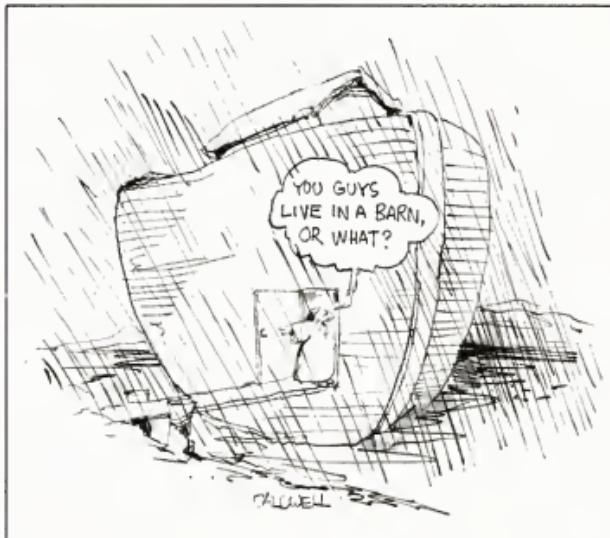
And what about Othello himself? Today, a burnt-out case at 25, Darthard Perry looks like a considerably older

man. Seven years is virtually a lifetime for an informer/agent provocateur. He is unable to sit comfortably in a restaurant until he has made a thorough security check. He never drives, for fear of being stopped and shaken down by police. He even chooses his Los Angeles Rapid Transit District buses with the greatest of care. He now shuttles about California, a fugitive, carrying only what he can fit in a plastic briefcase.

Perry was not surprised when Donald Freed told him about the phone threat. "You've got to remember who you're dealing with," says Perry as he sits in a friend's living room after drawing the blinds—something he does everywhere he goes now. "I keep flashing on what my old buddies from the FBI told me in jail when I refused to sign those releases that said I was solely responsible for all the damage they sent me out to do. One of them put a hand on my shoulder real friendly like and said, 'You better sign, Othello. We're not going to hurt you. But someone else might.'"

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Roger Rapoport, author of "The Next Six Vietnams" in the November 1976 Mother Jones, has written for *New Times*, *Esquire* and many other magazines. Some research for this article was done by Jeffrey Cohen of the Citizens Research Investigating Council.



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## Looking Backward

*The J.P. Stevens Company's move south in search of lower taxes and cheaper, non-union labor (see story on page 24) was part of a vast migration of textile firms and other manufacturers. Remaining behind were thousands of workers without jobs and scores of mill towns that have not recovered to this day. The story of one such New England town, and its famous workers, is the first subject of Looking Backward, a new Mother Jones history column.*

**T**ODAY LOWELL, Massachusetts, lies in decay; once America's most famous mill town, it's just a backwater now, the mills long empty and the money long gone. But in the 1820s and '30s, the town the great Boston textile magnates built was world renowned for, of all things, its attractiveness.

Visitors like Michel Chevalier, a French civil engineer, thought Lowell "new and fresh, like a setting at an opera." President Andrew Jackson made a special visit. Charles Dickens, who found little else to praise in his American travels, had only the kindest words for the town. The mills, he noted, were as clean and comfortable as the work permitted. Freshly painted boarding houses were provided for the mill girls, and there was a hospital set aside for their use. The owners seemed remarkably benevolent; compared to the hellish mill towns of Europe, Lowell was little short of paradise.

The mill girls, Dickens wrote, were healthy and neat, with the "manners and deportment of young women; not of degraded beasts of burden." And not only were they healthy and well-paid, but they also found time to publish a well-known literary magazine, *The Lowell Offering*.

These women had streamed into Lowell from the farms and villages of New England, attracted by the good working conditions, a chance at independence, and the high pay (an average of two dollars plus

# THE LURING OF MAIDENS TO LOWELL

by Tom Friedman



Detail from Winslow Homer's "The Morning Bell," from the Merrimack Valley Textile Museum.

room and board for a six-day, 75-hour week—at the time, teaching paid one-sixth as well). They were in their teens or early 20s, farm girls mostly, or the daughters of sea captains who had died and left no money, or the children of poor teachers, clergymen or middle-class parents who needed another wage-earner to keep up appearances. Most worked at the mills for an average of four and a half years and then departed with their modest savings.

Known as "operatives," they ran the machines that sorted and cleaned the cotton; flattened it into sheets and wound it around cylinders; pulled out the knots and straightened the fibers; drew out the cotton into

strands and twisted it into thread; sized it, brushed it, then wove it into cloth. The work was hard but not oppressive, and after it was done there were a few remaining hours for sewing, reading, studying, or paying visits to friends. On Sunday they prayed. They were the pride of Lowell, and Lowell was the pride of the textile industry, the owners knowing a good thing to advertise when they saw it.

Nathan Appleton and Patrick Tracy Jackson had built Lowell in the mid-1820s, naming it after Francis Cabot Lowell, the man who had first established the textile industry in New England. Right from

the start, Appleton and Jackson set out to attract those upright young women of the hinterlands. As Hannah Josephson pointed out in *The Golden Threads*, her classic study of the Lowell mills, these women and girls were a godsend to the mill owners in an age when the supply of skilled labor was extremely limited. They were familiar with spinning and weaving, educated and intelligent, efficient and tractable.

But there was one catch. They would not work in gloomy, dirty factories or live in slums. Nor would their parents allow it. And so it was shrewd old business sense, not any newfangled enlightenment, that built the "light and airy" mills and the painted boarding houses, and provided chaperones for the young workers. The corporate benevolence, which was so admired, was completely necessary, the only way to overcome the suspicions of an agrarian society toward the new manufacturing.

Yet just 15 years later, benevolence no longer seemed to pay. Manufacturing had taken root and the labor supply was growing. At first sign of falling prices, wages were cut and the pace of work stepped up. When business improved, the wage cuts were not restored. The hours of labor lengthened, and the number of machines each worker had to operate was increased. In order to maximize profits and keep dividends artificially high, as little money as possible was set aside for maintenance and depreciation, and as much as possible was squeezed from labor. The model of corporate paternalism had become the model of corporate greed.

The operatives tried to fight back. A small movement for a ten-hour day grew in the 1840s, then sputtered and died, with the mill owners resolute and the workers unorganized. Those Yankee operatives who could leave, did. Some went West to teach school, others found openings in offices, missionary work or small businesses. Many married and

stopped working altogether. But since there were impoverished Irish immigrants to take their places, the owners had no worries. While the new workers were less skilled, they were also less demanding and in great supply.

Lowell soon became terribly overcrowded. The mills had not been kept up; they were dismal and dirty, with little or no ventilation. The working hours were 15 minutes a day longer in 1841 than they had been in 1829, while the work load had increased dramatically. Even the miserable British textile laborers, whose low standards had been constantly cited as proof of Lowell's superiority, had won a work week of 69 hours, as compared to the 75 hours of the New England workers. Lowell was well on the way to becoming famous for its wretchedness.

And then, just before the Civil War, there came a fitting epitaph to the much heralded

days—still invoked by the mill owners, by the way—of *The Lowell Offering* and the cheerful mill girls who worked in the comfortable mill rooms. East of Lowell, in the raw, jerry-built town of Lawrence—it too named after a textile king—a huge mill collapsed with 900 persons inside. In all, 88 were killed and 275 injured. Many went mad; all lost their jobs.

The inquest revealed that the disaster had been caused by the use of cast-iron pillars too weak to withstand the weight of the floors. When the pillars had been submitted to the mill's chief engineer, one of them had actually broken before his eyes. The cost of replacing them was considered too high, however. In Lawrence and Lowell and the rest of the New England mill towns, there were few illusions left.

*Tom Friedman is a writer and editor who lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

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